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Marlene J. Murray, Pleasant Hills, Pennsylvania

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Jerry Thomas, Partner, Thomas Office Products, San Carlos, California

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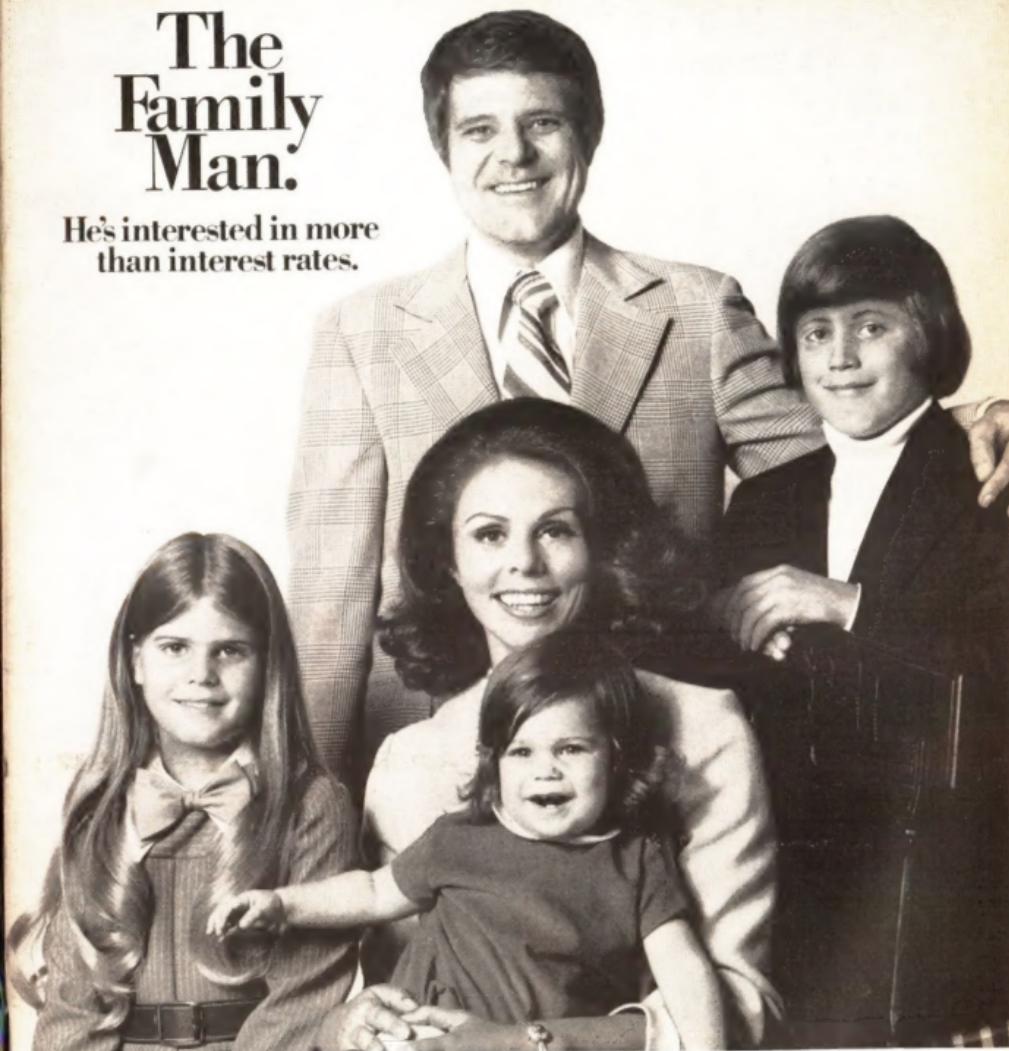
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Ban on Guns?

To the Editors:

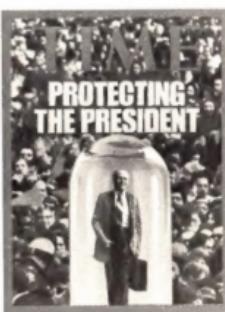
What we need is tough federal laws making a prison sentence mandatory for anyone who points a gun at the President [Oct. 6] whether it is loaded or not. Also no bail, no pardons.

Bea Ivey
Anaheim, Calif.

President Calvin Coolidge said: "Any well-dressed man can kill the President if he is willing to give up his own life."

Mrs. Daniel H. Cook
Albany, N.Y.

The 1968 Gun Control Act that I authored was not as you characterize it,



"an ineffective ban of some imports." It completely banned the sale of imports and of interstate mail-order guns. It also required registration of all future sales of firearms. In the first 28 months of its life, the cases made under the act increased 234.3%; the number of arrests increased 409.9%, including a number of "Presidential security risks" as identified by the U.S. Secret Service.

This was only the first half of an overall national gun policy. The second half of the overall plan was shelved by the Republican Administration, led by then Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury G. Gordon Liddy, who told an N.R.A. session in 1971 that the Administration opposed registration and licensing of guns.

This second half, which died under Mr. Liddy's White House leadership, I have just introduced. It does not, as you state, simply "register all gun owners and their weapons." It requires a federal certificate, complete with a waiting period and a Federal Crime Information Center data search in order to buy, own or transfer any weapon or ammunition. Most important, the law would apply to

Out of the last 6 years of smoking, I've only enjoyed the last 5 months.



I started to pay attention to all the fuss about smoking about 6 years ago. That's when the uproar about 'tar' and nicotine started to get in the way of my pleasure. For me, it made the real difference between just liking smoking and really enjoying it.

I thought of quitting, but I really didn't want to. So I decided to switch to a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette.

Easier said than done. You practically had to drag on the ones I smoked until the insides of your cheeks touched.

Then 5 months ago, I was over at my sister-in-law's house. We were both smoking low 'tar' and nicotine brands. But I was the only one complaining about the flavor. So she offered me one of hers. I told her, "No thanks, one's as tasteless as another." She said, "This is different."

And it was. It was a Vantage.

Now I've smoked more than a few low 'tar' and nicotine brands over the last 6 years. But Vantage is the only one I've found that succeeds in cutting down 'tar' and nicotine. Without destroying the flavor. And it has an easy draw, too.

So for the last 5 months, I've really enjoyed smoking Vantage.

And when I sometimes wish I'd found them sooner, I tell myself I should be glad I found them at all.

Nancy Clarke
Eden Rock, New Jersey



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individual transactions. It would exclude felons, addicts, illegal aliens, fugitives, mental incompetents and others from obtaining such a certificate

*John M. Murphy, U.S. Representative
17th District, New York
Washington, D.C.*

I am afraid there is only one solution to the handgun problem: total elimination other than for police use. Just because a gun is registered, the victim is no less dead.

*Lynn Marie Hoopingarner
Holt, Mich.*

This week my uncle was murdered, needlessly, senselessly and brutally, trying to protect his wife and his possessions. It is my honest belief that he was murdered by a gun because he had a gun. I do not blame him for wanting to protect himself, although I am opposed to all ownership of handguns. I do blame his killer for doing what he did. And I blame the Congress for permitting a glut of handguns to create the conditions that forced my uncle to purchase a gun. Must we all arm ourselves in an attempt to deal with each other?

*Sandy McGinnis
Chicago*

If Squeaky Fromme or Sally Moore had tried to run the President down with an automobile, would the people who are so vehemently determined to ban all private ownership of guns be equally insistent on elimination of privately owned automobiles?

Long live the National Rifle Association. It will be a sad day for America when the brownshirts are able to knock down my door because I am the suspected owner of a firearm.

*William E. Pings
Clear, Alaska*

America is "the land of the free," but public office is turning into "the home of the brave."

*Ben L. Harrison
Denver*

Why don't you give up blaming small steel objects and focus on the real killers and how to protect innocent citizens from them? In the meantime, I'll continue to enjoy the shooting sports and oppose those cheap shots by half-thinkers.

*John Schofield
Houston*

To Gain Notoriety

If would-be assassins are plotting in order to gain notoriety, perhaps they should reconsider their tactics.

Less than three weeks after the first attempt to kill the President, students in my University of Florida "Power and Violence" course conducted a telephone survey of 125 randomly selected residents of Gainesville, a college town with

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FORUM

a higher than average educational level. The results indicated that only 57.6% of the people interviewed could identify Sara Jane Moore. While 73.6% of the sample knew who "Squeaky" Fromme is, a mere 26.4% had heard of or could recall the cause Fromme claimed to be exposing.

The majority of the people we contacted thought that Fromme tried to kill Ford in an attempt to free Patty Hearst. Perhaps the greatest power of the press is not to propagandize, but rather merely to confuse.

*Sanford B. Weinberg, Professor
Department of Behavioral Studies
University of Florida
Gainesville, Fla.*

In the controversy about the publicity given to the threats to President Ford, TIME seems to equate criticism of faulty news judgment with an attack on the freedom of the press. Instead of drawing its wagons in a circle, TIME should realize that public and journalistic responsibilities are not isolated from each other.

*Mike Tulumello
Tempe, Ariz.*

Please don't ever stop. Sometimes it feels as though you are the only truth we have left.

*Susanne Mageras
Alameda, Calif.*

She-Tiger into Kitten

Patricia Hearst defies the System that raised her by trying to destroy it; and then, when the System captures her and demands justice, this she-tiger becomes a helpless kitten in the jaws of society. If she gets off and does go free, she will have achieved her goal, the destruction of democracy.

*Amy Pelak
South Bend, Ind.*

If Patty Hearst is acquitted on the grounds that she has been "brainwashed" (i.e., subjected to torture and mental anguish to alter her beliefs), then the thousands who have lived in the hellholes of city slums should be acquitted on the grounds of having experienced more pain than Patty ever will.

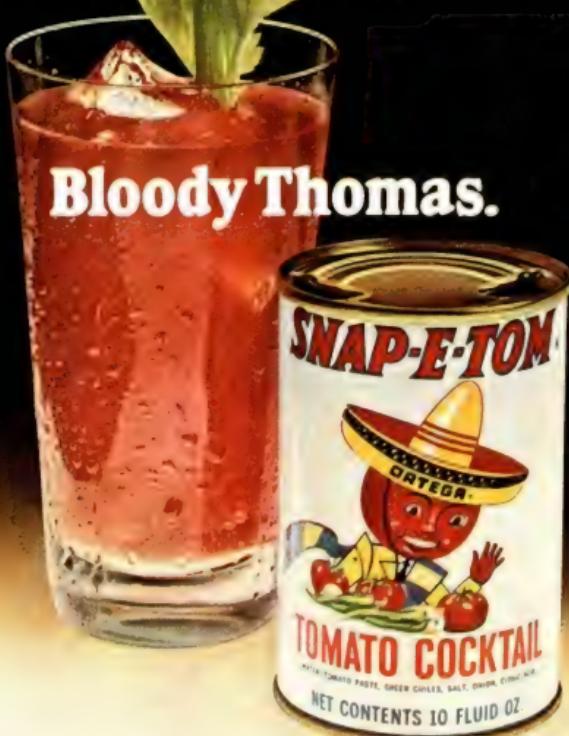
*John R. Ellis
Princeton, N.J.*

Death in Spain

In your article on the executions in Spain [Oct. 6], you should have described the five executed men not as terrorists but alleged terrorists.

The five men were tried under a new antiterrorism law which provides for execution very soon after the pronouncement of the death penalty, with no right of appeal. The cases had been shifted from civilian courts to military courts, which gave little consideration to the defense. Additionally, I think there is a

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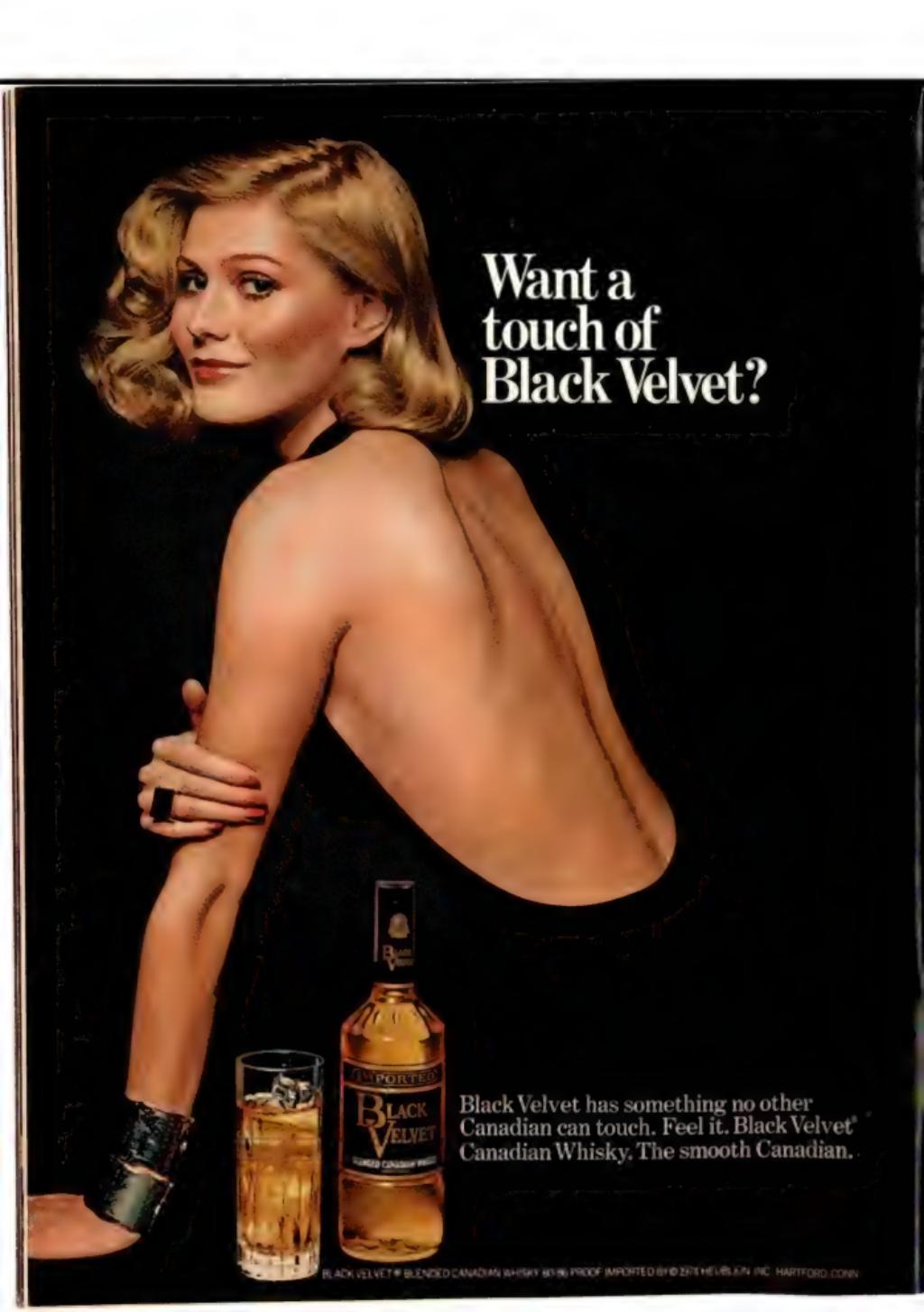


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high probability that torture was used in these cases. In an atmosphere of police vengeance, with legal safeguards absent, it is wrong to presume the guilt of the five executed men

Michael Zischke
New York City

I am sad about Spain, but I'm sadder about the U.S. because President Ford said nothing about the executions. The Western European countries said and did something, but the U.S. said and did virtually nothing.

Good night, "free" U.S.

Bernd Eltin
Marl, West Germany

Five Spanish terrorists kill five Spanish policemen, and the Spanish government decides to execute them for their trouble. What in the world are all of the European governments and the citizens of those countries complaining about?

Frederic N. Howe
Virginia Beach, Va

No Messiah

Because any complicated idea seems to be inexorably reduced by your staff to a simple inaccuracy, I am not going to try to state what my play *The Orphan* (Sept. 15) is about. I will merely tell you in as simple a way as I can that never in my life have I written a word to portray Charles Manson as a "misunderstood victim," an "oracle," or a "messiah."

David Rabe
Drexel Hill, Pa

Obscene Call

Retired Bishop William Moody's remarks concerning the ordination of women priests in the Episcopal Church (Oct. 6) should be equated with an obscene phone call to Everywoman.

If such rigid stupidity is representative of the mentality running that church, then God help it.

Marguerite T. Tozer
Palatine, Ill

Retired Bishop William Moody said that "if any more women receive illegal ordinations, he would seek permission to bestow holy orders on Secretariat."

I'm looking forward to the next ordination of a woman with a great deal of anticipation.

Lola Nelson
Auburn, Ind

I wouldn't be surprised if Secretariat made a better bishop than Bishop Moody.

(Mrs.) Bernice Schimmel
Des Plaines, Ill

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Oct. 27, 1975 Vol. 106, No. 17

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Guns for Crosses

The attempts to assassinate President Ford moved Father Richard Engle of St. Philip the Apostle Roman Catholic Church in Columbus, Ohio, to deliver an impassioned plea. He urged all parishioners who owned handguns to turn them in to the church the following Sunday. While police stood by, twelve handguns, 16 starter pistols and 20 toy weapons were turned in during the Sunday Masses on Oct. 12. The metal was melted down and made into crosses.

Surveying the collection, Engle noted sadly: "This is saying an awful lot about how sick our society is. The whole idea of violence erupting scared the dickens out of me. I don't think the answer is to go out and buy more guns." Maybe the answer is to turn them in at churches everywhere on Sunday.

Who's Ahead

Some doubts have arisen about the American dream that immigrants can fairly rapidly rise to affluence. A new study confirms that at least in the longer perspective of the nation's 199 years, the dream worked for some immigrant groups—and better than most people

probably realized. It concludes that Jews and Catholic "ethnics" are doing better than Protestants whose forebears immigrated to the U.S. much earlier.

The study was compiled by Chicago's National Opinion Research Center under Father Andrew M. Greeley, a priest who is a prominent sociologist. His researchers took a "composite sample" of 18,000 households, put together from twelve national surveys of ethnic and religious groups. (Nonwhites and Spanish-speaking Americans were not included because they have already been extensively studied.)

Jews led the list, with average household incomes of \$13,340 (in 1974 dollars). Not far behind in second and third place were Irish Catholics (\$12,426) and Italian Catholics (\$11,748). German Catholics followed with \$11,632 and Polish Catholics with \$11,298. In sixth place were Episcopalians, with \$11,032. Methodists earned \$10,103, and Baptists ranked lowest with \$8,693.

One explanation: education. Jews had 14 years' schooling and Catholics 12.5 years, ahead of the national average of 11.1 years for all whites. "Overthrust" is what Father Greeley calls the phenomenon, wondering whether striving groups do well "because of the sheer raw power of their elemental drive for respectability and success."

FATHER ENGLE & SURRENDERED WEAPONS



MAYOR BEAME AFTER LATE-NIGHT MEETING

NEW YORK CITY

Saved Again

All day long in drab Room 830 of New York City's Municipal Building, they gathered last week—the affluent and the needy, the young and the old. They had two things in common: all clutched yellow receipts, and all were frantically worried that New York would not have the money to redeem the maturing city securities that they held. A Long Island couple needed their \$5,000 to pay for a child's education. A messenger waited patiently to cash in \$15 million in notes held by the Chemical Bank. An elderly married pair anxiously awaited payment of \$25,000, half their life savings. A retired Brooklyn schoolteacher hoped to collect her \$26,929. If she got it, she said, she would not reinvest it in New York's uncertain paper; she would put it into a lower-yielding but more secure savings bank. Finally, after a long line of people had waited for hours with increasing anxiety, Irving Gurfield of the city controller's office climbed on a chair at 2:57 p.m. and proclaimed: "It has turned out to be a wonderful day."

Two Forces. That signaled the city's hairbreadth escape from defaulting on its many loans, bonds, bills and other debts. Once again New York City had been fatally caught between two irreconcilable forces. On one side was Congress, which is not inclined to go to New York's rescue unless city officials dramatically demonstrate that they have stopped their high-spending ways. On the other side were the powerful city unions, some of which have threatened to shut down New York with a general strike if officials cut the budget too deeply. The squeeze pushed the city closer than ever before to a default that would shake money markets in the nation and world and left the city's leaders exhaust-

Not All Patriots

In the years before the American Revolution, the questions of the day were often stark and demanded decisive answers. Should the Stamp Act of 1765 be protested or not? Should British tea be dumped in Boston harbor? And finally, when the war broke out, the ultimate question: should one remain a loyalist or support the patriot militia?

These questions and others are being posed today on red, white and blue ballots handed to visitors at a Bicentennial exhibit in Boston's Faneuil Hall Marketplace. The visitor must reply whether he would have supported the patriots or the British Crown or would have remained neutral; a computer then calculates the respondents' basic allegiances.

The 3,100 ballots cast thus far express a surprisingly guarded view of the nation's founding. While a solid 44% of the visitors supported the patriot cause, 27% have endorsed loyalists, and 29% more settled on neutrality. Says Betty McGloin, the exhibit manager: "Many people are surprised to learn that not everybody is a patriot."



BIG MAC TREASURER DONNA SHALALA ACCEPTING CHECKS FOR SECURITIES JUST AFTER DEFAULT ESCAPE; TEACHERS BOSS SHANKER



From the Jaws of Default

ed and dispirited. Pleading for help from Washington, Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn, chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corp. (Big Mac), plaintively said: "We just cannot go on like this much longer."

The latest crisis—the fourth and worst brush with default since last spring—occurred when city officials had to come up with \$477 million to redeem short-term notes, pay sanitation workers and meet other expenses—but had only \$34 million in the till. This near disaster was primarily caused by a flaw in the complex \$2.3 billion rescue package that the state legislature had put together last month to carry the city into December. To guarantee that the state would have help in bailing out the city, the legislature had constructed a Rube Goldberg financing scheme that offered Big Mac \$750 million in state loans—but only if the other parts fell into place first. They included \$225 million from three state retirement funds and \$500 million from five city employees' retirement funds. Among them was the teachers' retirement system, which pledged to provide \$200 million and made an initial payment of \$50 million.

Much Blood. As New Yorkers discovered last week, the package was only as strong as its individual elements, and one was controlled by tough, abrasive Albert Shanker, president of the United Federation of Teachers. Like other local union leaders, he believes that New York municipal workers are shedding too much blood from the city's cuts. Two weeks ago, he was outraged when the Emergency Financial Control Board, the fiscal overseer imposed by the state on the city in September, rejected an agreement that had ended a five-day teachers' strike last month. The board,

which is controlled by Governor Hugh Carey, challenged the settlement as too costly, and may throw out many of its pay increases.

Shanker and the other union chiefs also have been angered by layoffs of city employees. Firings and attrition since January have reduced the city's full-time work force to 263,311, a drop of 32,211, including 7,077 teachers and other school employees. Further cutbacks must be made, but the union leaders will use their muscle to limit the losses.

Last week New York City Mayor Abraham Beame had to report to the Financial Control Board on how he planned to eliminate an \$800 million deficit from New York's budget. To avoid further antagonizing the potent union chiefs, the beleaguered mayor at first gave only scanty details. Explained an aide: "We wanted to come in without the sledgehammer." But under intense pressure from the board and Carey, Beame bitterly proposed to pare \$200.7 million from next year's budget. By one estimate, that would require trimming an additional 8,000 city employees, including 3,000 school workers, and freezing all pay until 1978. Moreover, Beame said, similar reductions of workers would have to be made in each of the following two years.

While other union captains merely fumed, Shanker mounted his power play, operating through the teachers' retirement board, whose trustees include three former teachers loyal to him. These men held the fate of New York in their hands. They simply told Big Mac that they would not buy the retirement board's remaining \$150 million share of Big Mac bonds. Without that investment, the state would have to withhold a \$250 million payment due last week

and the city would be forced to default.

Carey summoned the three trustees and Big Mac officials to a meeting in the conference room of his mid-Manhattan offices. All Thursday night and into Friday afternoon, the trustees waited for a signal from Al Shanker.

As the crisis deepened, Beame made an urgent, last-ditch attempt to persuade President Ford to end his adamant opposition to a federal loan guarantee or any other help for New York. Earlier in the week, city officials had been cheered by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller's plea for swift congressional action to "avoid catastrophe." Despite White House denials, New Yorkers interpreted the Vice President's statement as meaning that Ford was relenting. In fact, Rocky and Ford were sharply and openly split on the issue, and White House aides were furious at the Vice President. At 12:25 a.m. Friday, Beame phoned the White House to warn that a default might occur within twelve hours. But Presidential Adviser L. William Seidman decided that there was no need to wake Ford.

Cold Turkey. The President got the news when he awoke at 5:37 a.m., then summoned his economic advisers. They decided that there was still no reason to take any federal action; no one even suggested that Ford change his position. Reported Press Secretary Ron Nessen: "The President is not going to send money to New York." Nessen made a rather silly comparison between New York and a wayward daughter on drugs. Said he: "Would you help her? Are you going to give her \$100 a day to support her habit? The answer is no. You tell her she's got to go cold turkey."

With the federal turndown, city officials struggled to gain precious minutes against the deadline for default. At 3 p.m., when the banks would close and bondholders would have to be paid the interest due on their maturing New York bonds. In an unusual concession, some banks agreed to stay open at least

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an hour later. Meanwhile, Carey pleaded with Shanker. Separately, Beame pleaded with Shanker. Then, at mid-morning, a worn and weary Shanker stepped before TV cameras to say that he would indeed "advise" the teachers trustees to advance the necessary money. In Washington, Ford reacted cynically by asking his aides: "What did Shanker get in return?"

City officials and Shanker insisted that he had received only written assurances that Big Mac would never again seek to tap the teachers' retirement fund. Shanker claimed that he was acting only to save the city and in the face of official actions that "have been

extremely destructive to our school system and to collective bargaining." He added: "The situation still stinks."

The crisis had only been temporarily averted. Officials expect the city to scrape through November—though not even that is sure. In December, New York faces certain default unless it gets federal assistance. Thousands of city bondholders will be affected. Among them is Jacqueline Onassis. The forthcoming issue of MONEY reports that at her insistence a pre-nuptial trust established for her by Aristotle Onassis was invested entirely in New York City bonds and provides a tax-free \$100,000 of her \$341,000 annual income.

The city's best hope lies with Congress, which this week will hold hearings on rescue plans. The Senate Banking Committee is expected to settle on a bill by midweek, followed the next week by its counterpart in the House. Both chambers seemed likely to accept a plan that would guarantee state loans to keep New York afloat while it constricts its payroll and services to balance its budget by 1978. Congressmen are reluctant to help, but more and more of them feel that there is no alternative. Explained House Majority Leader Thomas ("Tip") O'Neill: "We can't let the financial capital of the world go down."

'The President Looked Scared'

Once again the President's life was endangered last week, only this time the threat was not from a muddled-headed woman with a gun in her hand, but from simple negligence by police and the Secret Service.

Leaving Hartford's Civic Center, where Gerald Ford had just addressed a G.O.P. fund-raising dinner, a presidential motorcade of seven cars headed fast for Bradley International Airport. The procession was led by four Connecticut state police cruisers, none sounding sirens or flashing emergency lights. Worse, the cars were spaced so far apart that the President's Lincoln limousine was about five seconds behind the cruisers when it approached an intersection just three blocks from the civic center.

The light was red, but Driver Andrew Hutch, a Secret Service agent, went through. He assumed that as always, local police had sealed off the intersection

But no cop was at the corner. Seeing a green light, James Salamites, 19, proceeded to cross the intersection from a side street at about 30 m.p.h. Ford yelled at his driver: "Be careful!" It was too late. Salamites' 1968 yellow Buick LeSabre smashed the presidential limousine on the right front fender, forcing it six feet off course. Ford was unhurt. But Frederick K. Beibel Jr., the Republican state chairman, was slammed against Ford and broke a finger. One eyewitness later reported, "The President looked scared. I'd have been scared too."

Salamites and his five teen-age companions, all bewildered, were examined and let go; they obviously had meant the President no harm. Hartford police manfully assumed the blame for not having a cop at the intersection, as they had said they would, but the responsibility for the disorganized motorcade belonged to the Secret Service. It was the agents' duty to make sure that the intersections were blocked off, no matter what the local police promised, and to see that the escorting cruisers flashed their warning lights and did not significantly outdistance Ford's limousine. (The Secret Service rarely requires sirens to scream, feeling

that they attract undue attention.)

Another apparent security weakness was reported by a Hartford private detective, Richard Sulman, 36, who specializes in sophisticated electronic gear. With an inexpensive and readily available police-band radio, Sulman claimed he had easily tuned in on Secret Service messages about Ford's movements. The disclosure raised the possibility that any plotter could fairly easily pick up conversations describing Ford's itinerary, or even jam radio messages between the agents by broadcasting on the same frequency. But the Secret Service maintains that anyone who wanted to do harm to the President could get much more valuable information about his schedule simply by reading a local newspaper. Besides, in a real emergency, the agents guarding Ford talk back and forth on a special channel that they feel sure is secure against eavesdroppers.

FORD & SALAMITES AFTER THE ACCIDENT
BELOW: SALAMITES' BANGED-UP BUICK



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Charcoal is why. Charcoal filtration is used to freshen air, to make water and other beverages taste better. It does something for cigarette smoke, too.

TAREYTON has two filters—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Like other filters they reduce tar and nicotine. But the charcoal does more.

It balances, smooths—gives you a taste no plain white filter can match.

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King Size 20 mg. tar 13 mg. nicotine
100 mm. 19 mg. tar 13 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette. FTC Report April 1, 1971

Two new ways to look at the most

'76 Nova.

This year, in the Nova line, you just might find all the justification you need to move your family into a smaller car.

To begin with, Nova for '76 offers six models in two beautiful series: the popular Nova and the elegant new Concours.

'76 Nova, like the 3 million Novas before it, is a car that is fundamentally right for many

people. It's the right size to be easy to drive and park. Big doors make it easy to get into. And we've made it solid, stable and responsive on the road.

Concours is like no other Nova before it. Oh, it has all of the fundamentals, to be sure. But it also offers several of the amenities of cars priced a lot higher. Outside, the crisp lines are accented by an upright hood

ornament and just enough chrome and bright metal to let you know it's not your ordinary compact.

Inside there's subtle rosewood vinyl trim on the doors and instrument panel. Carpeting extends across the floor and up the lower door panels (which provide convenient map pockets). And the Concours' foam-cushioned front seat features a



Nova Coupe

popular compact in America.

'76 Concours.

fold-down center armrest—the first ever in a Chevy compact.

For many families Nova or Concours is exactly right. It's a small car that's not too small.

With seating for up to six and room for their gear as well.

And with a price range that makes Nova affordable for nearly everyone.

In U.S. Government EPA testing, Nova and Concours

Sixes are rated at 26 mpg highway, 18 mpg city. Ratings are based on the standard 250 Six and 3-speed manual transmission. Remember: These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition, and available equipment. Air conditioning was not in use during the EPA tests.

Ask your Chevy dealer to show you the '76 versions of America's favorite compact. It could be the way to step down in size without compromising your feelings about style and comfort.



In California, see your Chevrolet dealer for EPA mileage figures and engine/transmission combinations available on California emission-equipped cars.



Concours 4-Door Sedan

GM

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Have you ever seen a grown man cry?



LEFT & CENTER: REAGAN CAMPAIGNING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. RIGHT: WITH WIFE NANCY AFTER SPEECH TO REPUBLICAN WOMEN IN CALIFORNIA

POLITICS

The Growing Challenge of Reagan

Gerald Ford, the nonelected President, has crisscrossed the country for months in a forlorn attempt to build a constituency among Republicans that would guarantee him the party's nomination in 1976. Last week former Treasury Secretary John Connally said publicly what other astute political experts have been saying privately for weeks: Ford's campaigning has been a "political mistake." Instead of building support, the forays have demonstrated his critical inability to inspire and stir up the voters. His failure has given new impetus to the candidacy of former California Governor Ronald Reagan.

Long Shot. Ford leads in the most recent polls. He has lined up more support among prominent Republicans and raised more money (\$706,925 to Reagan's \$396,462 as of Oct. 1). Nonetheless, Reagan, 64, is gaining ground, particularly among grass-roots Republicans who are attracted by his unwaveringly conservative politics, personal charm and skill as an orator. Though few political experts give Reagan more than a long-shot chance to win the nomination, his gains are causing consternation among some White House aides. Said one: "Reagan's support is hard, and Ford's is soft. A good showing by Reagan could have a snowball effect." That prospect caused the Ford election committee to call an urgent meeting of top Republican officials this week to decide how to deal organizationally with the Reagan threat.

Also this week the Californian steps up the tempo of his unannounced campaign with speeches to New York Conservative Party members in Manhattan, Republicans in Long Island's Suffolk

County, the World Affairs Council in Philadelphia and the Yale Political Union in New Haven. After similar swings through Minnesota and New Mexico in the coming weeks, associates say, he will formally announce his candidacy in late November at a splashy Washington press conference, followed by quick visits to major cities and a publicity blitz.

Instead of attacking Ford head-on, Reagan is trying to identify him indirectly as part of "the problem in Washington." Reagan promises "program of creative federalism for America's third century." As outlined recently in a speech to businessmen in Chicago, his program seems both superficial and unworkable—one reason why some Republicans question whether he has the intellectual capacity to serve as President. He pledges to turn over to state and local governments many of the health, education and welfare responsibilities now borne by the Federal Government. Such a transfer, he predicts, would cut \$90 billion from federal expenditures, enabling the Government to balance its budget, pay off \$5 billion of the national debt and cut personal income taxes by an average of 23%. Reagan concedes that state and local government budgets would increase as a result, but he believes that "the surviving programs" would be run more efficiently and economically.

Spending much of his time in public appearances that earn him fees of up to \$5,000, Reagan has largely left his campaign strategy to two shrewd political professionals, John Sears, a former aide to Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew, and Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's press

secretary as Governor. Sears and Nofziger, operating out of a nondescript building in Washington, have concentrated on two early primaries: in New Hampshire on Feb. 24 and in Florida on March 9. Both states have large numbers of conservative Republicans who savor Reagan's fundamentalism.

In both states, the Reagan strategists have set up embryonic but well-organized committees, headed in New Hampshire by former Governor Hugh Gregg and in Florida by former State Republican Chairman Luther Thomas Sears and Nofziger hope that by doing well in both primaries, Reagan can establish a momentum that will sweep the other important primaries and even win over states where delegates are selected in conventions. Unfortunately for Ford, Reagan probably needs only to run strongly in the New Hampshire and Florida primaries, not win them outright. Notes a White House aide: "When an incumbent President makes a lackluster showing in a primary, that's death-baby."

Shifting Right. At first, Ford's strategy was to discourage Reagan from running. To that end, the President shifted his position on the issues farther to the right, championing a tougher stance on detente with the U.S.S.R., less Government regulation of Americans' lives and businesses and a tightfisted approach to social welfare programs. This seems to have paid off in the Midwest and populous Eastern states, where Ford has his strongest support among Republicans. But his campaign manager, "Bo" Callaway (see box following page), has largely failed to undermine support for Reagan in the South and in California.

Most Republican leaders in the South back Ford, but about half of the Republican voters seem to prefer Reagan, in part because of their intense dislike of Vice President Nelson Rockefel-

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ler. In the latest California poll, taken in August among Republicans, Ford leads Reagan, 54% to 45%, but Pollster Mervin Field regards Ford's lead as uncomfortably thin.

Even though most political experts agree with Callaway that Ford will eventually win, the President acts as if he is running scared, an odd posture for an incumbent. For the rest of the year he plans to spend about half of his time away from Washington. In addition to scheduled trips to Florida and California, he will participate in an economic summit meeting in Paris in mid-November, followed around Thanksgiving by a visit to China and possibly other Asian countries. By a show of statesmanship abroad, he hopes to cultivate support at home.

DEMOCRATS

Turning On the Charm in Europe

About to meet George Wallace for the first time, British Labor M.P. Bruce George was expecting an ogre. To his surprise, the Alabamian turned out to have "delightful charm." Wallace brushed off barbed questions, the M.P. noted, with an "impish grin and laughing eyes." The M.P.'s reaction was shared by many other Europeans. On his first trip to Europe, Wallace was determined to be ingratiating and play the statesman.

The journey got off to a rocky start when engine trouble grounded Wallace's chartered jet for ten hours in Newfoundland.

Wallace was noticeably weary when he finally arrived in London early Monday morning. But with his usual cockiness, he drawled: "I've been up two nights now and I feel fine." He apparently wanted to demonstrate that his stamina had not been impaired by the paralysis that confines him to a wheelchair.

Wallace and wife Cornelia were received politely wherever they went. He had chats of roughly half an hour each with British Prime Minister Harold Wilson (whom Wallace adjudged "a fine gentleman"); Tory Party Leader Mar-

'I Think I Can Help Jerry Ford'

When Howard Hollis ("Bo") Callaway was picked as Gerald Ford's campaign manager last June, he told his wife Beth: "I hope you can remember all of the nice things they said about me as Secretary of the Army because that's the last praise you'll hear." True enough. From almost his first day, he has been under attack from some quarter of the Republican Party.

In July liberals and moderates were enraged by Callaway's clumsy attempt to win Southern support for Ford by suggesting that Vice President Nelson Rockefeller was the President's "No. 1 problem" in the South and should perhaps be replaced by a younger man. More recently, in a meeting on Capitol Hill, conservative Republicans hissed and booted Callaway for suggesting that they should back Ford "because he's the only President we've got." Lately, Callaway has been under fire from Ford supporters who complain that he is running an inept campaign. Responds Callaway: "The only opinion I have to worry about is the President's, and so far he has not expressed any criticism." Indeed, Ford, sounding like the owner of a slumping baseball team in defense of a hapless manager, has expressed "confidence" in Callaway.

Boys-looking, fast-talking Callaway, 48, is no stranger to controversy. Member of a Georgia textile family whose fortune has been estimated at \$40 million, he holds a commission from West Point, served three years in Korea and is a former regent of the University of Georgia. He was originally a states' rights Democrat. But he bolted

TERENCE ARTHUR



CAMPAIGN MANAGER HOWARD CALLAWAY
A farewell to praise.

the party to support Barry Goldwater in 1964, and was elected to Congress as a Republican. In the House he fought against the Voting Rights Act of 1965, Medicare and most other Great Society programs.

In 1966 he ran for Governor and lost to Democrat Lester Maddox. Two years later, as chairman of Richard Nixon's campaign in the South, Callaway suggested that George Wallace join forces with Nixon, implying that their views were similar. The mistake so angered Nixon strategists that Callaway was barred from any Administration job until 1973, when he became Army Secretary and distinguished himself by successfully organizing the volunteer army.

Callaway was chosen to head Ford's election committee principally because

of his impeccable credentials as a Southern conservative: Ford believed that Callaway could counter the Reagan threat from the right. But critics grumble that he has spent too much time traveling around the country to court conservatives instead of managing the overall campaign, that he lacks experience in presidential politics and has no organizing ability. Two weeks ago, Lee Nunn, a longtime Republican operative, quit as the campaign's director of organization and angrily accused Callaway of incompetence. Finance Chairman David Packard complains that fund raising is lagging and implies that one cause has been interference from Callaway. Says Packard: "Bo tried to tell me who to hire and who not to hire, but that's straightened out now."

Callaway dismisses the complaints as idle carping. He concedes that he has been frugal in spending the committee's money, but says that is only because federal law now limits primary expenditures to \$10 million. Says he: "Wait till you read *The Making of the President—1976*. That will show we've done it right."

Nonetheless, perhaps in response to the criticism, there have been changes lately at Ford headquarters. For one thing, Stuart Spencer, an experienced Los Angeles political consultant, was hired to succeed Nunn. Still, Callaway has no deputy manager and seems to be having trouble finding one.

The real power is wielded by White House Chief of Staff Donald Rumsfeld, who not only acts as Ford's liaison with his campaign committee but also calls many of the day-by-day shots. Thus at least some of the criticism of Callaway should probably be directed elsewhere. In any case, Callaway professes to be untroubled. Says he: "I doubt if you've ever met anybody who is less concerned about losing his job I'm here only because I think I can help Jerry Ford, and I'm just as comfortable as I can be."

garet Thatcher ("a lovely talk with a lovely lady"); Belgian Prime Minister Leo Tindemans; Italian Premier Aldo Moro and President Giovanni Leone ("I said I recognized the contribution Italy has made to society in general, especially in our country"). But Wallace could not get an audience with Pope Paul VI.

Though Wallace's schedule was kept tight, he sometimes appeared to be distractingly deaf because of his growing deafness. "You really had to roar at him," said a luncheon companion, "and he had some trouble with our English accents." Wallace's energy did not seem to slacken, but there was no disguising the fact that he is an invalid. Noted the *Daily Telegraph*: "It was a small, strained, pathetically helpless figure that was helped from car to wheelchair and back."

Complex Stuff. His opinions were simplistic, if pungently stated. "I don't mind dictatorships abroad provided they are pro-American," he told a gathering in London. He also called détente a "highfalutin word. They ought to say 'get-together.' While we have so-called détente with the Soviet Union, we should recognize that we cannot necessarily depend on what they say. I think they have out-détentéed us." A British listener commented that Wallace "seemed to be trying to position himself where Scoop Jackson is, but he hasn't learned the names of the horses yet." In Brussels, Wallace discussed military issues with the U.S. delegation to NATO. Said one: "His questions indicated that he was following very carefully some fairly complex stuff."

GEORGE WALLACE WITH ITALIAN PREMIER ALDO MORO



The Governor avoided inflammatory domestic issues. He did not mention busing; instead, he spoke of the need to save the world's middle classes from taxes and inflation. At one lunch, he recalled the time he had been "mobbed" in Alabama by a group of friendly blacks. "Isn't that right?" he bellowed at a state trooper stationed by the door. "Yes sirree, Guvnor," came the loyal reply. Said an observer: "It was almost as if he were presenting himself as the man uniquely qualified to heal the race wounds in America and even further afield."

Some time after his return to the U.S., Wallace plans to announce his candidacy for the presidency. A Louis Harris survey last summer gave him 14% of the vote among Democrats and independents; Hubert Humphrey followed with 12%, and Henry Jackson and Edmund Muskie with 10% each. But the same poll showed that more Democrats and independents—39%—would vote against Wallace than against any other candidate.

Wallace is better financed than in 1972. He has raised almost \$3 million and has a cash balance of \$659,000. His staff estimates that he should receive another \$1 million by the end of the year and qualify for \$3.5 million in federal matching funds. He will also be better organized than last time, when he lost many potential convention votes because lists of his delegates had not been drawn up in some states. "Our staff is now spending 90% of its time on the recruitment of delegate candidates," says Mickey Griffin, 27, Wallace's intense and efficient campaign coordinator. At staff headquarters in Montgomery, Griffin supervises a team of 16 political sci-

entists, all under 30, who travel the country to round up delegates. Organizers work full time in such key states as Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Texas, Michigan and California.

Yet there are signs of some erosion of his position in the South. No Southern Governor supports him for President. The growing black vote weighs against him, but he is trying, perhaps vainly, to accommodate to it. He has appointed a few blacks to his state administration (the top one is coordinator of highway and traffic safety), and last month he welcomed the Rev. Martin Luther King Sr. to Montgomery. King said that he could not support Wallace for President, but added that he prayed every night for the Governor. Declared Wallace: "I love everybody, black or white. My fight was with the Government, but nobody understood that." Repiled King: "I understand." Few people think Wallace has any chance of winning the nomination, but he could well wind up as a power broker with considerable say over the choice of the nominee and the platform.

Suffers Pain. The big question is Wallace's health. He can hardly be considered fit, though his doctors pronounce him healthy enough to be President. He suffers pain around his waist and takes drugs for it. He lacks control over his bladder and bowels, though these are regulated by medical devices to spare him any embarrassment. How he would survive the stresses of the presidency is anybody's guess. President Franklin Roosevelt was also confined to a wheelchair, but only his legs were paralyzed. Still, Wallace is making the most of the comparison. Says he: "F.D.R. was a paralytic and served four terms. I'm sure I could serve for one or maybe more."

CHATTING WITH CONSERVATIVE PARTY LEADER MARGARET THATCHER IN LONDON



WATERGATE

A Questioning of Conduct

Unless Richard Nixon decides to bare all in his memoirs, some of Watergate's few lingering mysteries seem destined to remain unresolved. Precisely what were Nixon's men after when they decided to bug Democratic National Headquarters in 1972? Did Nixon know in advance about the break-in? Who deliberately erased 18½ minutes of a key Nixon tape? What did Nixon's pal, Bebe Rebozo, really do with \$100,000 in campaign funds donated by Billionaire Howard Hughes? Last week, after 28 months of investigation, the Watergate Special Prosecution Force issued its final report—and shed no light on these questions. But the bland and incomplete report, prepared under the direction of the third special prosecutor, Henry S. Ruth Jr., who is retiring, did find time, for better or worse, the reputations of several men who played major roles in the drama.

The 277-page document left no doubt that Nixon would have been indicted after his resignation for various crimes, notably the cover-up of White House involvement in the wiretap-burglary. He was saved only by President Ford's pardon.

Delayed Delivery. The report implicitly raises questions about the professional conduct of Nixon's principal lawyers: James St. Clair, J. Fred Buzhardt and Charles Alan Wright. It alleges that they, as well as former White House Chief of Staff Alexander Haig, repeatedly impeded the work of the prosecutors, first Archibald Cox and then Leon Jaworski. They did so, according to the report, by delaying the delivery of evidence, sometimes claiming they could not find it, until courts required that it be produced. Wright, a law professor at the University of Texas, was specifically cited for having vouched in court for Nixon's assertion that one tape could not be supplied because it contained information affecting the nation-

al security. Wright had not heard the tape himself, and when the White House finally yielded it, the tape was found to contain no shred of such conversations.

Most surprising of all was the report's unflattering portrayal of the role of one of Watergate's ostensible heroes: former Attorney General Elliot Richardson, now U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain. The document concedes that Richardson acted conscientiously in resigning rather than bowing to Nixon's orders to fire Cox. But until then, the report claims, Richardson continually urged Cox to limit his investigation and to stop pushing so hard for evidence.

The report relates that the White House began challenging Cox's authority when the press printed unfounded stories that Cox was pursuing the possible misuse of public funds on Nixon's San Clemente estate. Richardson

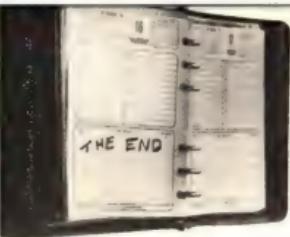


FORMER SPECIAL PROSECUTORS JAWORSKI & RUTH
A few of the mysteries will linger.

warned Cox that this might be beyond the special prosecutor's jurisdiction. Cox conceded only that no such probe was under way. But a week later, according to the report, Richardson asked that the Justice Department be allowed to "screen" any avenue of Cox's investigation to decide whether it was proper. Cox refused. Later, Richardson tried to dissuade Cox from interviewing Secret Service agents about the handling of White House tapes and Nixon Aide Tom Charles Huston about his illegal plan for domestic surveillance of political dissidents. Cox resisted—and prevailed.

Richardson, directed by the White House, kept pushing Cox. According to the report, Richardson suggested that the special prosecutor's charter should be rewritten and made more restrictive. For example, he thought Cox should not look into White House wiretapping of newsmen and Administration aides. Richardson asked that Cox accept a White House-supplied expert on national security as a consultant. Cox agreed, but on condition that the adviser be accountable only to him. Richardson then dropped the proposal.

In London last week, Richardson said he thought that he and his good Bos-



RUTH'S DESK CALENDAR LAST WEEK
The pressure relaxed.

ton friend, Cox, had always worked out any differences in "a spirit of mutual understanding" and that "there were no confrontations at any point." This implied that he had not really expected Cox to accept his White House-initiated suggestions.

Historic Work. Looking ahead, the report had no particularly imaginative suggestions for avoiding Watergate-like agonies. It opposed creating a permanent special prosecutor's office, but said that any illegal acts and improper pressure exerted by White House officials normally should be investigated by the Justice Department. To shield the Justice Department from politics, the President should not nominate and the Senate should not confirm as an Attorney General anyone who has served as a top presidential campaign aide.

The report also suggested that Congress ought to clarify whether a President can be indicted for a crime while in office. Since there is a legal controversy over whether the Constitution permits this, it would take either a Supreme Court decision or a constitutional amendment to resolve the argument.

The report marked the end of the special prosecutor's most historic work, but the office will continue to handle unfinished business. The staff now has its fourth head, Charles Ruff, 36, a former official with the Justice Department's criminal division, who has been with the special prosecutor's staff since July 1973. He will oversee the arguments against those among the 50 individuals and corporations convicted of Watergate-related crimes who are appealing to higher courts. Most prominent among them are John Mitchell, John Ehrlichman, H.R. Haldeman and Robert Mardian.

Under Ruff, the special prosecutor's job will become only a part-time assignment. Clearly the historical pressure that once burdened the office has been relaxed. Long gone are those Nixonian days when the special prosecutor's staff was so distrustful of the White House that as the final report indicates, its members secreted vital documents in safe deposit vaults in two Washington banks and even buried copies of papers in Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains.



COX & RICHARDSON AT HARVARD LAST YEAR

The 900 million dollar man.

This is *homo sapiens* in 1975.

Immunizations can add 10 years to his or her life expectancy.

He or she can mature without the threats of polio or measles or diphtheria.

Many maladies that used to kill or cripple can now be controlled.

So much so that past generations would call him or her superhuman.

But are all those breakthrough medicines enough?

The member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association don't think so. Not with complicated diseases like arthritis and cancers and cardiovascular illnesses still very much with us.

Because of that, we are investing something

like 900 million dollars of our own money this year to find new medicines and improve existing ones.

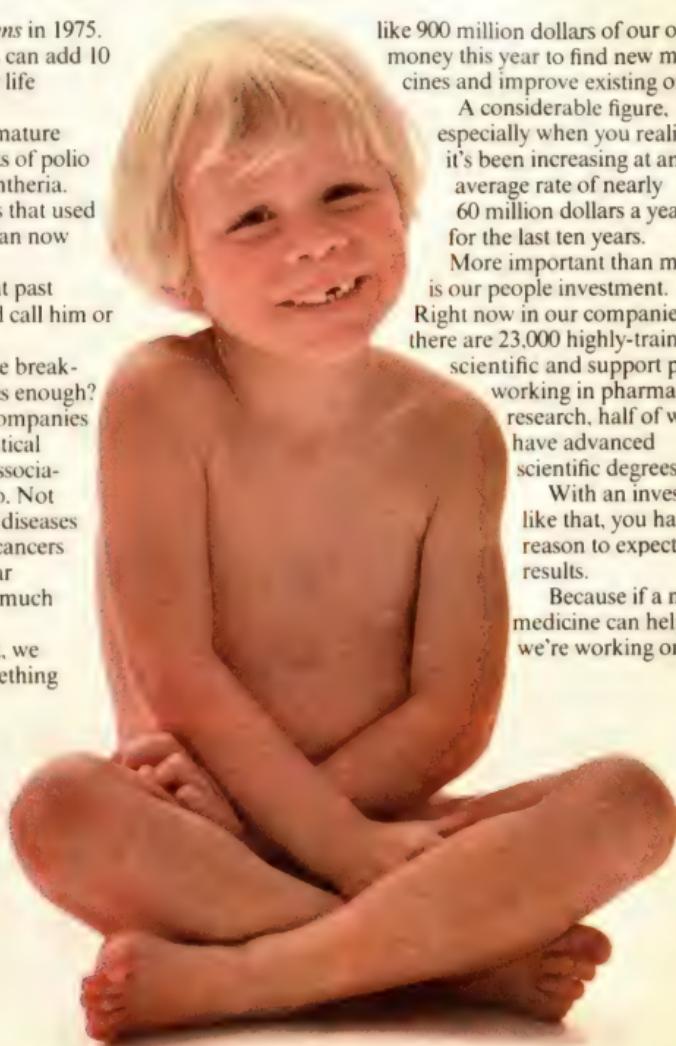
A considerable figure, especially when you realize it's been increasing at an average rate of nearly 60 million dollars a year for the last ten years.

More important than money

is our people investment. Right now in our companies there are 23,000 highly-trained scientific and support people working in pharmaceutical research, half of whom have advanced scientific degrees.

With an investment like that, you have reason to expect results.

Because if a new medicine can help, we're working on it.



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THE WORLD

DIPLOMACY

Working from a New Map in Asia

Henry Kissinger has made seven trips to Peking since his dramatic secret visit in 1971. Last week he flew off on a five-day journey to the Far East that will take him to Tokyo (twice), as well as to the capital of the People's Republic. Around Washington, some of the Secretary's critics were asking, "Is this trip necessary?" Although the U.S. and China still have major areas of disagreement—notably over the status of Taiwan—they have learned to live with their differences. The Secretary of State is friendly with the men who make China's foreign policy, and there appears to be mutual confidence at the top.

Changing Map. In fact, as both sides work out an agenda for President Ford's trip next month, conversation will no doubt be useful and to the point—or points. Since Kissinger's last trip a year ago, the map of Asia has greatly changed. The most important differences, of course, are the fall of Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia and the virtually complete withdrawal of the American presence from Indochina. Much of last spring's panic in non-Communist Asia has now disappeared. Nonetheless, once staunch American allies like the Philippines and Thailand are still trying to readjust to a world no longer dominated by the U.S.

The U.S. is now more concerned with Northeast Asia—Korea and Japan

—than with Indochina. The Viet Nam earthquake may yet shake loose the fragile peace on the Korean peninsula. Fired by the Communist victory in Indochina, North Korea's President Kim Il Sung seemed to some observers to be on the verge of invading South Korea last spring; he even went to Peking to seek Chinese support but came back chastened. China, he learned, wanted the Korean situation to remain peaceful for the time being, with an American garrison of 42,000 men as a counterweight to the Soviet presence in Siberia.

In his talks in Peking, Kissinger will try to get the Chinese to go along with a multinational effort to secure a permanent Korean peace. Korea, he reasons, is vital to the security of Japan, the economically most powerful nation in Asia. If Korea should go Communist, or be swept by war, Tokyo might well be forced to rearm in a massive way, probably with atomic weapons. Many Japanese officials are as afraid as Kissinger is of the prospect of a re-militarized Japan. They have urged him to make direct approaches to North Korea, if necessary, to guarantee peace on the peninsula.

Seoul, however, opposes any direct U.S. talks with Pyongyang unless South Koreans are present, and Pyongyang refuses to sit down with the South Koreans. Only last month, moreover, Chi-

nese Foreign Minister Chiao Kuan-hua denounced as "not available" Kissinger's own plan for peace: a conference that would include the U.S., China, the two Koreas, and possibly Japan and the Soviet Union. In an interview with TIME last week (see page 35), Kissinger said, however, that he did not think this was absolutely the last word on the subject.

Pragmatic China. After the fall of Viet Nam, the major change in Asia in the past year has been in China. Peking seems to be less ideological and more pragmatic in foreign policy than it has been since the Chinese Revolution 26 years ago. At the end of the 1960s, China's stance toward the rest of the world was almost psychotic—withdrawn, erratic, sullen and uncooperative. Today Peking is an active, if still occasionally belligerent participant in major international conferences.

Since the discovery of major oilfields in the mid-'60s, China has become an economic power to reckon with. The first significant shipment of petroleum, 7 million bbl, was sent to oil-thirsty Japan only two years ago. Total oil exports this year are estimated at 70 million bbl. By 1980, oil shipments abroad are expected to reach 350 million bbl and amount to one-third of the country's exports. China's trade, which remained virtually static at about \$4.5 billion annually through the long years of

isolation, jumped to \$6 billion in 1972 and reached \$13.7 billion in 1974.

Peking has also changed the way it does business. In the xenophobic past it avoided all foreign economic entanglements and, to prevent trade deficits, practiced a punishing austerity. Now, Peking reasons, like other nations it can borrow the money it needs for investment. Result: despite its oil revenues, China's trade deficit shot up from \$80 million in 1973 to \$1 billion last year, a figure that foreign economists feel is still prudently low. "The economy is not doing spectacularly," says an American economist in Hong Kong, "but it is getting down to stability—and stability is an achievement."

A stronger, more confident, more practical China will presumably be an easier China for Kissinger to talk to. Nonetheless, he will have to navigate several trouble spots before he can call his journey a success. A major difficulty, paradoxically, is Chinese fear of the Soviet Union, the very factor that brought the U.S. and China together in the first place. Seldom has the Sino-Soviet dispute been so heated. Believing that detente has made the Soviets stronger, Peking has heaped vitriol and ridicule on any move to lessen East-West tension. Kissinger's concern for detente has affected his standing with the Chinese. "To Peking," says a Western diplomat, "Kissinger is soft on the Soviets. Detente involves an element of trust the Chinese feel is excessive." Beyond that, Premier Chou En-lai, who collaborated with the Secretary on the Sino-American rapprochement in 1971, suffers from heart disease. Chou, 77, has not been seen in public for more than a month, and may be too ill to meet Kissinger.

Canceled Visit. State Department officials are also concerned about a curiously hostile Chinese tone toward the U.S. in recent weeks. Last month Peking, in a gesture of support for Puerto Rico's independence movement, refused to let the mayor of San Juan join 13 other U.S. mayors in a tour of Chinese cities. The mayors canceled the entire visit as a result, but Washington got the message. If the U.S. does not withdraw its message for China's island—Taiwan—China will not recognize U.S. sovereignty over Puerto Rico.

At about the same time, Peking angrily objected to the facts that the U.S has been letting Tibetan refugees maintain an office in New York and that a Tibetan song-and-dance troupe is now being allowed to play across the country. China took over Tibet in 1951, and is annoyed by any hospitality shown Tibetan refugees. Washington is puzzled by such seemingly silly incidents, coming just before Kissinger's visit, and is uncertain just what should be made of them. The best guess is that the Chinese are warning the U.S that it cannot forever support Taiwan and remain friends with Peking as well.

LEBANON

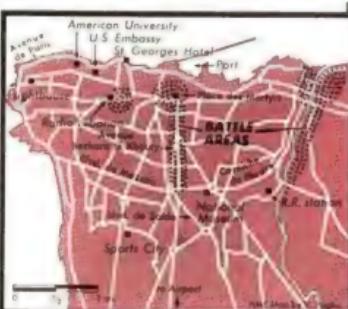
Living on the Roller Coaster

The battle-weary people of Lebanon have been riding a psychological roller coaster for the past six months. Their hopes for peace have soared when it seemed that the factional, sectarian fighting between left-wing Moslems and right-wing Christians might halt; they have plunged when violence again erupted. Last week was typical. As yet another attempt at a truce seemed to be taking hold at the start of the week, some of the sand and cement barricades in Beirut were pulled down. Militiamen from both sides poured out of their strongholds; some embraced and even kissed one another. Banks reopened, shopkeepers unshuttered their windows, and traffic soon clogged streets as the capital's residents dashed out to replenish their stocks of food and other supplies.

The mood of good will was quickly shattered. Full-scale fighting broke out between the Phalange-dominated neighborhood of Dekwaneh in the east-



LEBANON'S PREMIER RASHID KARAMI



ern sector of Beirut and a Palestinian refugee camp at Tel Zaatar, controlled by the radical-leftist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (P.F.L.P.). The two sides hurled rockets and mortars at each other; the well-armed fedayeen even fired antiaircraft guns at the Phalange areas. As the fighting spread to other neighborhoods (*see map*), banks again closed, and merchants took goods from their stores to the relative safety of their homes. The toll of last week's clashes: 72 dead, raising the total killed since the start of the fighting last April to more than 2,800.

Protesting Egypt. Growing concern about the bloodletting in Lebanon, combined with fear that Israel might try to exploit the situation, brought 18 Arab diplomats together last week for an emergency meeting of the Arab League at its Cairo headquarters. Syria and the Palestine Liberation Organization, however, boycotted the session, primarily as a protest against Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's signing of the new Sinai accord with Israel. Even with the Syrians and the P.L.O., there was little the league could do to help Lebanon; in any case, after two days of inconclusive talks, the participants merely made a vague promise of financial aid to compensate Lebanon for damages caused by the fighting.

Relative calm returned to Lebanon at week's end, but violence remains just below the surface. The extreme left feels that the Phalange has not been "punished" enough. Many right-wing Christians are opposed to any reforms granting the Moslem majority of Lebanon political or economic equality until security has been re-established and the Palestinian refugee camps in the country (estimated pop. 101,000) are brought under government control. That is an all but impossible dream because the camps are totally run by the fedayeen.

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the 20-member "National Dialogue Committee" hastily put together by Premier Rashid Karami (TIME, Oct. 20). Yet because the committee is composed of representatives of most of Lebanon's rival religious and political factions, it is possible that—as the Phalangist daily *al-Amal* put it last week—"the Dialogue Committee's discussions may turn into a dialogue of the deaf."

TURKEY

Süleyman the Troubled

For Turkish voters it was the sharpest choice ever between the old political style and the new. There was bulging Premier Süleyman Demirel, 51, speaking to a partisan crowd of 70,000 in Istanbul's Taksim Square and denouncing opposition leaders as "dangerous coddlers of Communism and anarchy. To vote for such people is a sin, sin, sin." His supporters roared back the ancient Ottoman chant: "Süleyman the Magnificent!"

By contrast, ebullient, shirt-sleeved Bülent Ecevit, campaigning in the Anatolian city of Eskişehir, charged that Turkish foreign policy was "controlled by the U.S. Congress," and denounced government corruption. A one-time graduate student at Harvard, former Premier Ecevit, 50, plunged into the throngs to press the flesh U.S.-style. For the first time in Turkey's history, women were a noticeable part of the youthful crowds at his rallies.

When the campaign ended last week, the old style had hung on, but by a margin so slim that it left the government with an uncertain mandate. Ecevit, whose Republican People's Party favors bigger social welfare programs and a strongly nationalist foreign policy, racked up big majorities in Ankara, Istanbul and other big cities. But Premier Demirel's support of free enterprise and his appeal to traditional religious values carried the normally conservative rural areas and older voters.

Popularity Contest. That was enough to give his Justice Party a small gain in Assembly seats, though it lost a bit of strength in the less important Senate. Almost everyone recognized the off-year election as really being a national referendum between the country's two main parties, and a popularity contest between Turkey's two best-known politicians. In the overall vote, Demirel's party got 41% (up 11% from 1973), while Ecevit's R.P.P. scored 43.8%, a 10% gain. Only scraps were left for four minor parties that previously shared one-third of the vote. This meant Turkey might well return to a stable two-party system in the next general election, scheduled for 1977.

Demirel's coalition government faces pressing, immediate difficulties. The Premier had put off any new initiative to resolve the Cyprus crisis until after



PREMIER SÜLEYMAN DEMIREL DURING ELECTION CAMPAIGN

the election and until the U.S. Congress lifted its embargo of arms to Turkey. Demirel's real problem is that the National Salvation Party, a critical partner in his coalition, opposes any concessions to Greece or to Greek Cypriots that would affect Turkish military occupation of two-fifths of the divided island. The Premier could thus bring down the government if he pushes for a Cyprus accord acceptable to Athens.

Demirel has reportedly assured President Ford that he will try for a settlement. Turkey's invasion and occupation have already cost \$1 billion, roughly 3.7% of the G.N.P. in a country that has 13% unemployment and 20% inflation. Moreover, new aid and arms packages come before the U.S. Congress later this winter, and lack of movement on Cyprus could prompt another embargo.

Ecevit, who became a national hero when he ordered the Cyprus invasion while Premier, might well be boosted back to power by any new flexing of U.S. muscle. During the campaign, Ecevit seized upon a U.S. congressional requirement—after the lifting of the embargo—that President Ford would make sure Turkey stopped its renewed poppy crop from going back into the illegal heroin pipeline. "Turkey cannot accept this [interference]," said Ecevit. Trying to prove his own independence from the U.S., Demirel continues to oppose any immediate return of control to the U.S. of its 5 military bases in Turkey, which the government seized last July. Demirel nonetheless fears a new U.S. arms embargo; the Turkish military is convinced that because of the last one, the relative strength of the Greek army has increased. But for all his government's problems, the first step must be movement on a Cyprus accord. As Greek Premier Constantine Caramanlis warned after the election, "Only a few weeks remain to prove Turkey's good faith and the intelligence of those who have believed her promises."

AFRICA

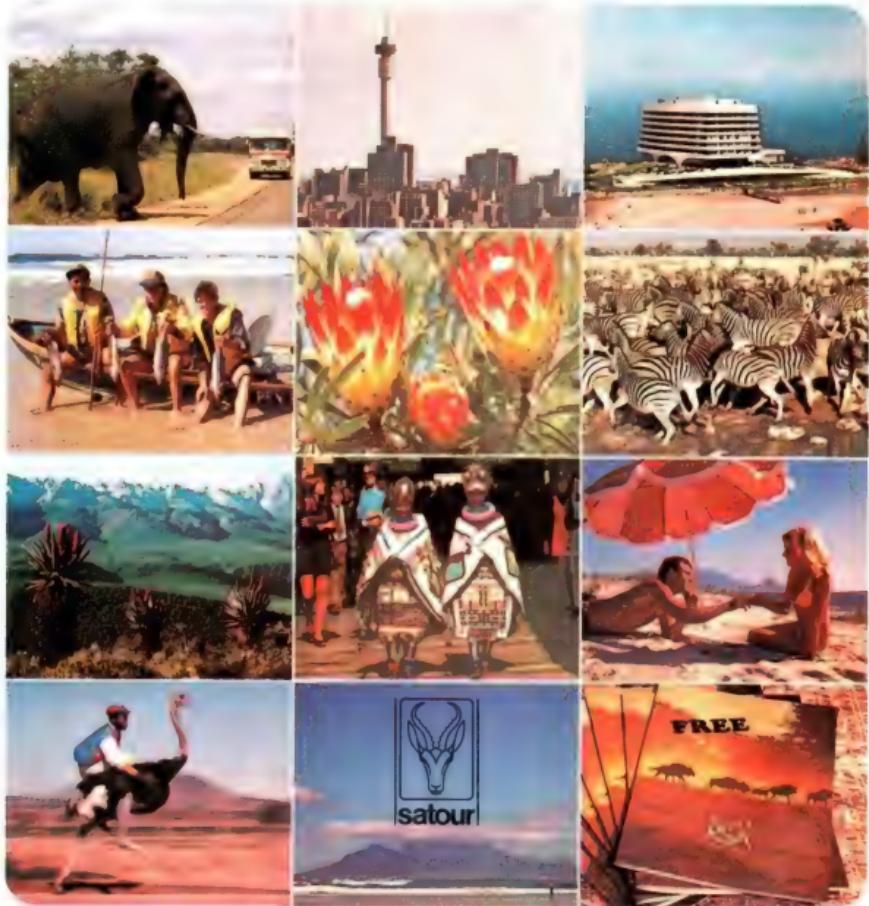
Armed Only by Allah

The International Court of Justice in The Hague was designed to settle disputes between nations. Last week the World Court came through with a decision that was so Solomonic in adjudicating territorial claims that four countries—Morocco, Mauritania, Algeria and Spain—may soon be at one another's throats. The area in dispute is the Spanish Sahara, a barren, 103,000-sq.-mi. piece of land on the coast of North Africa that has nothing to recommend it but 10 billion tons of phosphate underground.

Morocco, which the World Court had had "certain legal ties" to Saharan tribes before Spain took over the region in 1884, but had not established "territorial sovereignty." Keenly disappointed, Morocco showed no intention of acquiescing in the ruling, and at week's end it



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troops were massed along a 140-mile border with the Spanish Sahara. Morocco's King Hassan II vowed to send 350,000 people, including 30,000 women—armed only with the Koran—to "liberate" the territory. Meanwhile, Spain, which still has control, warned that its troops in the Sahara, estimated at 15,000 to 30,000, would fire back if fired upon. Algeria had thousands of its own soldiers ready for action at the Tindouf oasis. Neighboring Mauritania, to whom the court also conceded historic "rights relating to the land," but not enough for territorial sovereignty, watched and waited—but made it clear that it would enjoy picking up as much of the Sahara as the others would let it have.

Algeria says that it does not want the land for itself, but does not want Morocco's right-wing monarchy to have it either. Instead, Algiers favors self-determination, assuming that the Sahara's 70,000 or 80,000 nomads would opt for Algerian-style Islamic socialism. Hassan also assumes they would go socialist and fears that his own shaky regime could not survive if it were surrounded by hostile states.

Spain, for its part, recognized back in the early '60s that it would have to give up the region some day, like Algeria. It also favors self-determination for the Sahara. Whatever the eventual political coloration of a Saharan regime, Madrid figures it would probably still want the revenue the state-owned Spanish phosphate company could give it for allowing it to stay on. As it is, Spain has invested \$447 million in the territory's phosphate mines.

Phosphate Monopoly. The phosphate, however, has only whetted Morocco's appetite. Outside the U.S. and U.S.S.R., Morocco has about 60% of the world's phosphate—an essential ingredient in fertilizer—and the Spanish Sahara has perhaps another 20%. If Morocco controlled the Sahara, it would have a virtual monopoly and could raise the price of phosphate almost as high as it wanted. Even without the Sahara, it has managed to quintupple prices since 1973, from \$14 a ton to \$68.

Hassan, who promised his people in August that he would have the land by year's end, knew that he would have to act quickly before Spain granted the Sahara independence. His answer: the unarmed brigades. While the Moroccan army would protect the marchers against Algerian intervention, the King said, it would do nothing against the Spaniards, who could shoot if they wanted to. "No infidel, however hardened," he told a nationwide TV audience, "could give the order to open fire on 350,000 unarmed civilians brandishing only the sacred book of Allah." He may well be right. Spain has no stomach for an Angola-style colonial war that could topple the Franco regime. Thus Hassan's weaponless army, if it does indeed march, might succeed where tanks and rockets would fail.

ARGENTINA

Isabelita Returns to the Presidency

Tanned and rested, Argentine President Isabel Perón, 44, returned to Buenos Aires last week from the hills of Córdoba after a 32-day holiday of long walks, a little golf and almost no visitors. Loyal Peronistas promptly attempted to turn her homecoming into a joyous re-enactment of the Oct. 17, 1945, rally that forced the Argentine military to free then Colonel Juan Perón from prison. But despite the sentimental significance of the day, no more than 40,000 turned out to hear Mrs. Perón speak. The disappointing turnout was attributed as much to waning enthusiasm for the Peronist government it-

"recovery" in the suburban *quinta* where she and Juan Perón lived for most of his 18-year exile.

Responsible leaders of the Peronist movement privately—and sometimes publicly—admit that they have not much time to get Argentina's house in order. Víctorio Calabro, governor of Buenos Aires province, stirred up a hornet's nest of recrimination recently when he declared: "We won't make it to the national elections in '77 if we go on this way." Even Mrs. Perón's closest adviser, Angel F. Robledo, who as Interior Minister emerged as the new strongman during her absence, admits



ISABEL PERÓN, WITH ACTING PRESIDENT ITALO LUDER (RIGHT), RETURNS TO BUENOS AIRES
Not much time to get Argentina's house in order.

self as to fears of possible guerrilla violence.

The country Mrs. Perón returned to is every bit as trouble-torn and factionalized as the one she left behind. With inflation running at an annual rate of 250%, the economy is in ruins, and there has been an ominous step-up in guerrilla attacks. Thus the major question facing Argentines is Mrs. Perón's capacity—or lack of it—to govern. Even some Peronistas are beginning to concede that her habitually erratic style of governing and part-time presidency will no longer suffice.

Consuming Fantasy. Pushing Isabelita aside without actually deposing her has become a consuming fantasy of many politicians. One scenario that is talked about has her asking for another leave, this time to embark on a foreign trip that would take her to the United Nations, Geneva, Rome and, finally, Madrid, where she would complete her

as much. "It doesn't matter who is interim President," he said. "Even if it were Winston Churchill, he would still be powerless because of the uncertainty."

Italo Luder, 58, the conscientious but colorless Senate leader who was interim President in Mrs. Perón's absence, is not likely to be confused with Winston Churchill. But Luder is seen as the best alternative to a possible military takeover. "I can't tell you there won't be a coup," said a leading radical Senator last week. "But I think the chances for avoiding one would be much better with Luder than with Mrs. Perón."

Before Isabelita's return, Luder signed several decrees designed to cope with the guerrilla threat, including an order placing all police forces under the control of the army. The army is already fighting a Viet Nam-style war of search and destroy in the northwestern province of Tucumán, where 4,500 troops are

THE WORLD

chasing an uncertain number of guerrillas belonging to the Marxist People's Revolutionary Army (E.R.P.). The rebels are getting bolder. This month 40 members of the Montoneros, a leftist guerrilla faction of the Peronistas, assaulted the headquarters of the 29th Infantry Regiment in Formosa province.

So far, the military has been divided on the question of whether the guer-

illas can be controlled more effectively with Mrs. Perón at the helm or without her. Senior officers caution that to depose Isabelita would mean fighting both guerrillas and Peronistas. But younger officers feel that the army must move to oust a corrupt and incompetent regime. One misstep by Isabelita—or another bloody encounter like Formosa—could well be decisive.

INDIA

The Emergency: A Needed Shock

It is nearly four months since Prime Minister Indira Gandhi proclaimed a state of emergency in India and assumed authoritarian powers. Today critics of her policies—including some in Washington—are taking a cautious second look. This month a joint Indo-U.S. commission, designed to promote better relations, convened in Washington after a long delay. At the time, President Ford emphasized that Washington had great interest in the strength, progress and economic viability of India. He said he was still anxious to visit India. TIME New Delhi Bureau Chief William Smith recently toured the country and cabled this assessment of Indian democracy under the emergency

Basking in a bright October sun that followed a prolonged but beneficial monsoon, hundreds of thousands of Indians gathered last week to celebrate Dussehra, the ancient Hindu festival that symbolizes the victory of good over evil. As always, the climax of the ritual was the burning of effigies of the demon-king Ravana and his kinsmen Meghnad and Kumbhakarna. But this year's ceremonies were a bit different than usual. The fireworks display at Delhi's parade ground saluted Prime Minister Gandhi's 20-point social and economic program, which was inaugurated after the emergency was declared last June 26. At Dussehra ceremonies elsewhere in the country, effigies of black marketers, hoarders and smugglers were burned along with Ravana and his ilk.

Mrs. Gandhi herself spent a five-day working holiday in Kashmir, talking politics with Sheikh Abdullah, chief minister of the state, and visiting Indian troops in the border areas opposite China and Pakistan. Government officials, who had been stung by previous criticism from Washington, were clearly pleased by Foreign Minister Y.B. Chavan's talk with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and President Ford's remark. "We will welcome him here," said Mrs. Gandhi, "and he can see for himself."

Despite New Delhi's undeniable lurch toward totalitarian rule and its suspension of certain civil liberties, India remains, strictly speaking, a democracy. Mrs. Gandhi's harsh effort to suppress political opposition shocked observers outside India, but she did act within the bounds of India's rather pliable constitution. Even though some 30 opposition members are in jail or under house arrest, Parliament continues to function. Moreover, an unfettered Supreme Court is

currently hearing arguments on Mrs. Gandhi's conviction in June for illegal campaign practices, as well as on a constitutional amendment abrogating the charges of which she was convicted. It is expected to rule in a week or two—a day may yet have the last word on the case.

On the other hand, political debate in India has been effectively silenced. Newspapers have become dull and predictable, and people seem reticent about discussing controversial matters in public. From the beginning of the emergency, much of the government's anger has been directed at the press. The other day, in discussing the BBC (which India has withdrawn its correspondent from), Mrs. Gandhi told an interviewer: "They seem to think that anything is fine if it's anti-Indian." Both the domestic and foreign press are still subject to stringent controls. Three weeks ago, the government abruptly expelled Jacques Lorie of the Los Angeles Times, allegedly violating the censorship guidelines, thereby making him the sixth Western correspondent to be ousted since June. Last week authorities cut telex and telephone wires of Reuters and the Australian Broadcasting Corp., reporting that political prisoners at Delhi's Tihar jail had rioted and staged a hunger strike.

Antiquated Dowry. Most observers agree that these matters are of great interest to the majority of India's 600 million people, who are more concerned about the fact that the government has completely halted inflation down from 31% in September 1971, and that India's three-year-old drought has ended (experts now project a bumper grain crop this fall). Indians will continue to debate whether Mrs. Gandhi was justified in proclaiming the emergency, and the Prime Minister has won widespread support for seizing a rare opportunity to ram through a score of social reforms.

Day after day, ambitious new programs—or reupholstered old ones—have been announced. They include plans to set up a chain of rural banks, ensure equal pay for women and end the antiquated custom of the dowry, which has become an intolerable burden many families with daughters. There is even a twelve-point program that may lead to nationwide prohibition—the cost to the state government which gain an estimated \$500 million a year in liquor taxes.

These days India is engrossed in a frenzied campaign to encourage discipline, punctuality, cleanliness, courtesy. Placards appear everywhere, some whose messages of inspiration are attributed to Mrs. Gandhi but most not. On a street corner in New Delhi: ECONOMIC OFFENSES BRING STERN PUNISHMENT. Another, quoting Mohandas Gandhi: A BORN DEMOCRAT IS A BORN DISCIPLINARIAN.

The campaign for discipline may have some impact on the country. In Bombay, for instance, streets are

PRIME MINISTER GANDHI WITH HER GRANDCHILDREN IN NEW DELHI



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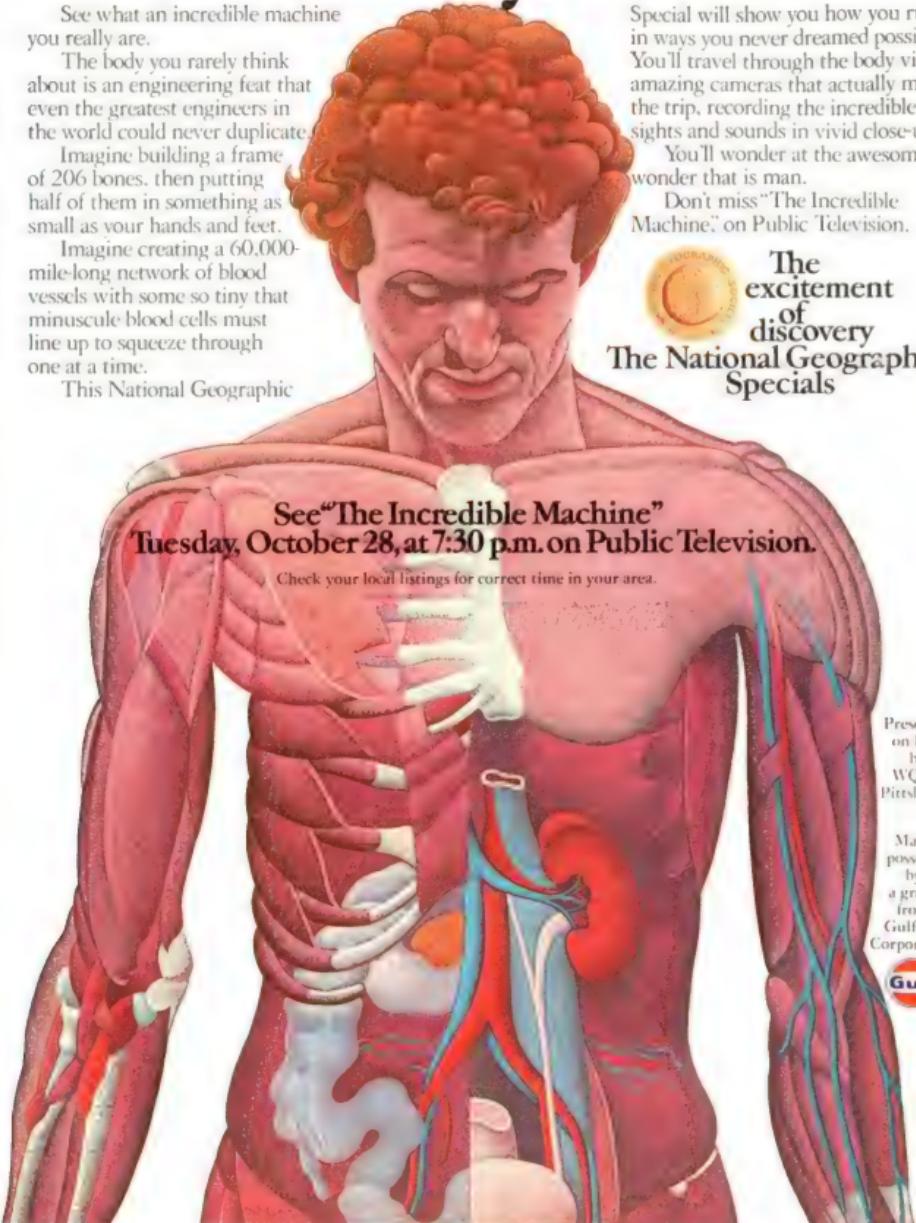
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longer littered with debris, telephone repairmen are arriving at their offices at the hitherto unheard-of hour of 9:30 in the morning. Police claim crime is down 10%, largely because they no longer have to spend so much of their energies controlling political demonstrations. One veteran foreign observer of Indian affairs believes Mrs. Gandhi "administered to the country a massive punch in the jaw, which it probably needed." He adds that if the government can bring the emergency to an end within six months, "the retrospective view will be that it has benefited the country and given a badly needed shock to a society whose values were crumbling."

What happens next? One view is that having proved her leadership with the emergency and having reaped the political benefits of a bumper grain harvest, Mrs. Gandhi will be in a strong position next spring to end the emergency and hold elections. Another view holds that since she already has a two-thirds majority in Parliament, there would be no need for her to risk a campaign and all its attendant criticism from opposition leaders and an unshackled press. There are signs of a drift toward a cult of personality. The back of one bus bears the florid declaration COURAGE AND CLARITY OF VISION. THY NAME IS IN-

DIRA GANDHI. The government-run television has also stepped up its already lavish coverage of the Prime Minister and her Cabinet.

Nobody really professes to know what the Prime Minister will do. As one observer put it, "Her father relied on his Cabinet, so you could talk to some of his Ministers and get an idea of what he might decide to do." Not so with Jawaharlal Nehru's independent daughter. "She listens to a lot of people," he said, "and then acts on her own." Last week Mrs. Gandhi was asked by reporters about ending the emergency. "When the time comes," she answered loftily, "you will know."

O Faithful Hearts: Oile! Oile!

Shortly after President Carlos Andrés Pérez announced that Venezuela was nationalizing its oil industry, his government came up with the most unpromising contest of the year: a competition for a choral symphony in praise of—yes—oil nationalization. Since the first prize is 30,000 bolívares (\$7,000), at least a few composers and librettists are presumably hard at work on this musical challenge, but none so far have submitted their entries to Caracas. Meanwhile, TIME asked Judith Wax, a Chicago writer who occasionally indulges in poetic parody, to devise a brief, lighthearted cantata more or less in the spirit of the competition. Her contribution:

CHORUS:

*O faithful hearts: rejoice,
rejoice
Raise Venezuelan voice
To praise this oil rich nation
At 13 bucks a bbl..
Who wouldn't sing a cri
To bless.
Ah bless.
Yea bless,
Expro-o-o-priation?*

RECITATIVO-BASSO

*For when God made the world
He put a little hex on
Some parts: he left out oil—*

*He didn't grant them Exxon
And now—poor souls—their
lot
Is daily strife, for what, just
what?
Is life but psychic ring-around
the-collar
Without, O Lord, without
The Petrodollar?*

ARIA-TENORE

(President Pérez)

*He who believes in
nationalization
Believes with me
He who believes in Article Five
(which permits us to make
contracts with foreign
petroleum companies after
nationalization)
Believes with me*

*And he who opposes,
Who favors contract killing
Let him supply technology for
off-shore drilling*

*Alleluia! Alleluia!
And O, be still my nerves
When dwindling reserves
Of oil disturb my peaceful
sleep.*

*O Lord, who hath afar dwelt
Permit us to go deep
And plumb new stuff, make
fruitful, Lord.*

*The Orinoco tar belt
For Thou canst save, with new
strikes Heaven-lent.
Uplift us though our yield is
down 18 percent*

CHORALE

*O faithful hearts rejoice,
Resound each Venezuelan
voice*

*Let profits overspill our cup
While mankind crieth, "Fill
'er up!"*

*But shouldst we fail, let no one
wail*

*Or cancel the hosannas.
Next time we'll try another way
And nationalize bananas
Amen, ah-ah-men*

Oile!



NIGERIA

The Cement Block

Like the greedy little boy whose eyes were bigger than his stomach, oil-rich Nigeria, thanks to a colossal spending binge, is in one dreadful financial mess. The most visible sign of it was outside Apapa, port for the capital city of Lagos. Last week no fewer than 406 ships of all shapes and sizes were backed up waiting their turn for dock space. At least one vessel has been stuck outside Apapa since last February. Maritime experts call it the worst shipping jam in modern history.

Nigeria last year earned \$8 billion from oil revenues, prompting the government of former Head of State Yakubu Gowon to embark on a gargantuan program to develop and modernize Black Africa's most populous country. Unfortunately, no one stopped to figure what would happen when all the goodies arrived. One item in desperate need of modernization was the port of Apapa itself: the ordered machinery and parts are stuck in ships unable to dock.

More than half the waiting ships are loaded down with cement, 2.4 million tons of it. And that's only a part of the order. In all, Nigeria somehow managed to contract for 21 million tons of cement, about ten times the total amount that the lagoon port could handle in a year without other cargo to unload. Because of the chemical makeup of the cement, much of it may not be usable for building after six months. Last week Brigadier Murtala Mohammed, who ousted Gowon in a coup last July, ordered an official inquiry to see whether the cement purchase was made to "sabotage the economy through a deliberate embarrassment of riches."

Nigeria's economy, as one official puts it, is "suddenly encased in a wave

of cement." The country is paying a demurrage charge of \$4,000 a day to many of the backed-up ships; total cost in the past six months: \$18 million. Unscrupulous shipowners, the government believes, have added to the shambles by putting old tubs into line to collect demurrage, since it is more than they can make on the high seas. Paperwork is so fouled up that one shipper collected for demurrage and for cargo, even though he docked with nothing in his hold. In a desperate effort to find relief, Nigeria has tried to revoke the supposedly irrevocable letters of credit from the Nigerian Central Bank that backed the purchases in the first place. That move is wreaking havoc among international traders, and may cause some producers and shippers to be bankrupted.

Last week the Nigerian government belatedly requested a halt to the shipping of any cargo to its ports until further notice. If the request is honored, it should help matters some, but at least 50 more ships are already en route to Apapa and will join the line within the next month. If nothing is done, a large London shipping group estimates, the latest arrivals will have to wait ten years before unloading. At best, the port is not expected to be unscrambled for a year.

* * *

Nigeria is not the only oil-rich country with cargo headaches. In Iran, ships wait up to three months to dock at Persian Gulf ports, trucks are backed up at border customs checkpoints and valuable military supplies are rusting away out on the sand or in warehouses while authorities try to process them. "It resembles a chaotic flea market," says one U.S. Pentagon officer. An aide to Defense Secretary James Schlesinger has been sent to Tehran to help unclog the backlog in order to make way for still more supplies, including the first of 80 F-14 Tomcats, that are on the way.

SHIPS BACKED UP & WAITING TO UNLOAD AT APAPA NEAR LAGOS IN THE WORST SHIPPING JAM OF MODERN HISTORY



UNITED NATIONS

"A Reckless Act"

"The United Nations is at the point of officially endorsing anti-Semitism," warned U.S. Ambassador Daniel P. Moynihan. "It is a reckless act, an obscene act." Moynihan's anger was directed at an Arab-inspired draft resolution that condemns Zionism as "a form of racism and racial discrimination," meaning the existence of Israel as a Jewish state. After vitriolic debate, the resolution was adopted late last week by the U.N. General Assembly's Social Committee, 70 to 29, with 27 abstentions. Supporting the measure were the Arab and Communist blocs and some African countries; the U.S. and Western Europe led the opposition.

Although the resolution could later be rejected by the General Assembly, the U.S. fears the action may create new antagonisms between the Western powers and the Third World majority at the U.N. Among the most immediate losers in the proceedings were the black Africans, who had been seeking support for the U.N.'s Decade for Action to Combat Racism, a worldwide offensive against *apartheid* in southern Africa. Now the Western powers are threatening to withdraw their support.

Some moderate Africans and Caribbean envoys tried to disentangle their cause from the anti-Israel clause. "To be born black is to understand what racism means," said Barbados Ambassador Waldo Waldron-Ramsey, who pleaded with the Arabs to withdraw their resolution. Of 36 black African nations, only 16 supported the measure. There were hopes that African support might further dwindle before the General Assembly vote. If not, warned U.S. Delegate Leonard Garment, "the work of the U.N. is in jeopardy."

Kissinger Speaks Out on Foreign Policy

Henry Kissinger is on the move again. Last week, after making his first visit to Canada, he flew to Tokyo and then on to Peking. Before going to Ottawa, the Secretary of State sat down for two hours with TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerryold Schechter and State Department Correspondent Strobe Talbott for a wide-ranging discussion of his foreign policy. Excerpts from the conversation:

Q. Will the continuing tension between you and Congress affect American foreign policy?

A. I don't think that there is tension between me and the Congress on a personal basis. I have, I think, extremely good personal relationships with most members of the Congress. But personal relations are not the issue. We are going through a period right now where, in the aftermath of Viet Nam and Watergate, the Congress is attempting to shift the balance between Executive and congressional power. There is [also] a profound feeling of distrust in the Congress of Executive discretion, which causes them to insist on a kind of documentary evidence which no congressional committee ever asked for before. At the same time, the structure of the committees has disintegrated to such an extent that the documentary evidence becomes public, creating new foreign policy problems.

To some extent, I favor [the tension]. I think the balance swung too far toward Executive authority in the '60s. But there is a danger that it may swing too far toward congressional authority in the '70s. And this will tend to paralyze foreign policy.

Can this problem be solved by taking Congressmen into negotiations? I don't want to exclude this totally. But it is not enough, for example, to have somebody in on a negotiation unless he knows all of the strategy that went into it. And it raises the issue of what happens if there is not complete agreement as to tactics.

In foreign policy, unless you have an overall design, your behavior grows random. It is as if, when you are playing chess, a group of kibitzers keeps making moves for you. They may be better chess players than you are, but they cannot possibly get a coherent game developed. Especially if, at the same time, you have to explain each of your moves publicly so that your opponent can hear it.

I don't know exactly what the solution is. I know I am spending over half of my time now before congressional committees. And that, too, is getting to be a problem in policymaking. I spent 42 hours in testimony and in private conversations with Congressmen in a three-week period on the Sinai accord. That is a lot of time, and it is in addition to the normal congressional contacts.

Q. You talk about kibitzers. Isn't that part of an open democracy?

A. There is no parliament in the world that has the access to policymaking that the Congress of the U.S. has—not in Britain, not in France, not in any of the democracies. The key decisions have to be subjected to congressional approval. The democratic process involves an approval [by Congress] of the general direction in which a country is going, as well as of specific individual steps. But to attempt to subject every single decision to individual approval will lead to the fragmentation of all effort and will finally lead to chaos and no national policy.

Q. In an article in *The Public Interest*, U.N. Ambassador Daniel May-nan wrote that "liberal democracy on the American model tends to the condition of monarchy in the 19th century: a holdover form of government, one which persists in isolated or peculiar places here and there, but which has simply no relevance to the future. It is where the world was, not where it is going."

A. I don't agree at all. Where the world is going depends importantly on the U.S.

In the 1950s every new country wanted to be democratic because we were impressive or looked impressive, powerful and pur-

poseful. In the 1970s, after all we have gone through, that condition no longer exists. This is not an inevitable result. It may well be that democracy is not going to make it. But if democracy isn't going to make it, this is going to mean such a monumental change in the American perception of the world and of itself that it will have the profoundest consequences within America over a period of time.

Democracy in the 19th century was an essentially aristocratic phenomenon. You had limited ruling groups in most countries. This was not true of the U.S., although we did have restricted franchises. And you had, above all, a doctrine of limited government and relatively simple issues. Now the Government is involved in every aspect of life. The issues become unbelievably complex.

Another problem is that in almost every democratic country so much energy is absorbed in getting into office that leaders are not always as well prepared as they could be and have to learn their job by doing it.

All of this has created a crisis of leadership in many democratic countries. But it is a crisis that we must solve.

Q. Do you think we are better off than European countries?

A. Far better. The American body politic is basically healthy. Our people are confident. They want to believe in their Government. There is not the fundamental division you have in many

• The American body politic is basically healthy. Our people want to believe in their government. •



foreign countries. Too often, the Communist vote reflects the fact that a significant segment of the population has opted out of the democratic process and has lost confidence in their government.

Q. Do the totalitarian countries have an advantage over us?

A. They are at an advantage over us with respect to any one decision they may want to make. However, they face a problem of initiative and creativity. Moreover, the quality of leadership in most totalitarian countries is worse, because they have a problem of how to replace leaders at the very top, and how to rotate leaders at middle levels.

The Communist appeal in the Third World is not due to their own merit. Nondemocratic forms are gaining. Much of the world has its origin in some form of revolution. On the whole, revolutionaries don't make revolution in order to give up power after they have seized it. Therefore, in many parts of the world, there is a tendency toward totalitarianism simply because the generation that seized power did not go through all that suffering in order to yield it. Our revolution was very peculiar, [since] it was made by people who knew who they were to begin with, and who thought they were carrying out an existing tradition.

Q. Could we tolerate Communists in the government of Italy or in France?

A. If you deal with a modern complicated democratic state, like Italy and France, it is not directly in our power to prevent it. It must be the responsibility of the governments concerned to prevent it. The alienation from government cannot be remedied primarily by the U.S.

At the same time, insofar as we can, it is necessary for the Western democracies to recapture the sense that they can control their own destiny—that they are not subject to blind economic



It is necessary for the Western democracies to recapture the sense that they can control their own destiny.

forces that sweep across, that produce unemployment, that produce inflation. This is the reasoning behind the planned summit meeting in November.

Q. How do you think détente is perceived by the American public?

A. The détente debate suffers from a number of misconceptions and oversimplifications. One is that détente is a favor we grant to the Soviet Union, or that we can withhold it as a punishment. The fact is that we are attempting to carry out a foreign policy geared to the realities of the period. One, that the Soviet Union is a nuclear superpower, whose military potential cannot be effectively wiped out in a surprise attack, any more than ours can. This being the case, any war between us will involve colossal, indeed catastrophic, damage.

Second, the U.S. is no longer predominant, though it is still probably the strongest nation.

Third, the prevention of Soviet expansion, which remains a primary objective of American policy, has to be carried out in a more complicated way than in the 1940s and 1950s.

Fourth, the world is no longer monolithic. It is not one in which we can give orders, or in which we can dominate a Western group and the Soviets dominate an Eastern group.

And fifth, we have to consider what this country has gone through with Viet Nam, Watergate and the attendant congressional restrictions. For us to run the risks of a confrontation that will be considered by our people as unnecessary is to invite massive foreign policy defeats.

I believe that the policy we are carrying out with the Soviet Union has put us in the best position to resist Soviet pressures and in the best position to explore possibilities of positive developments in Soviet policies. Now, however, the debate gets carried on as if we are giving away things to the Soviet Union. Where has the Soviet Union made a unilateral gain?

Q. It has been charged that because of détente we gave the Russians too generous terms in the 1972 wheat deal, and that at Helsinki we allowed the Soviet Union to ratify its dominant position in Eastern Europe.

A. The wheat deal is generally recognized today as a bureaucratic mistake. It had nothing to do with détente. In 1972 the decision was made to sell them wheat because it was considered a good thing for our farmers. And for that reason, it wasn't watched sufficiently at the political level. That was a mistake, but it was not a mistake of détente.

The so-called Helsinki issue has to be seen in the context of the evolution of East-West relationships. We used it as an incentive to get a Berlin Agreement and the start of mutual balanced force reductions in Europe by refusing to agree to a European Security Conference until after a Berlin Agreement. And that in turn quieted down an explosive situation, we hope for the foreseeable future.

With respect to the frontiers, Helsinki ratified nothing that had not been ratified before, at Yalta, Potsdam and in the peace treaties. The Soviet political position in Eastern Europe depends on military predominance, and on history since 1950, which has made it clear that the Soviet Union would not tolerate a breakaway from its form of government and that the West would not intervene if the Soviet Union asserted itself militarily.

Q. If we don't have a SALT agreement this year or early next year, would that basically change the relationship between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.?

A. I don't want to give a specific deadline for the SALT agreement. But if the SALT negotiation should fail, both sides will be forced to build their strategic forces in anticipation of what the other side might do.

In our case it would mean that rather than the Soviet Union reducing their strategic forces from the approximately 2,600 they have now to 2,400, we would have to calculate that they stay at 2,600—or maybe go on beyond that. To match this we would involve a significant increase in our strategic defense budget. That, in turn, can only be justified on the basis of an increased danger. So the rhetoric of both sides will become more confrontational, and I would think that it would lead to a substantial cooling in the relationship—if not to a return of the cold war.

Q. Isn't there a basic difference between the Pentagon and State Department on our SALT negotiating position?

A. If there is a basic difference, I know about it only from newspapers. The last position that was given to Foreign Minister [Andrei] Gromyko was jointly worked out by the Secretary of Defense and myself. It was then approved by the President. If there should be a disagreement—and the disagreement is always more in the press than in reality—then it will be settled by the President.

Q. Do you expect that there will be an agreement this year?

A. It's now getting rather late in the year. It would take about eight weeks, even after an agreement in principle, to work out all the technical details. So it may slip beyond the end of the year.

Q. Would it be possible for [Soviet Party Chief Leonid] Brezhnev to come to the U.S. before a SALT agreement is worked out?

A. I would think it's unlikely. I think his visit would be tied to a SALT agreement.

Q. Do you agree—as the Chinese have charged—that the danger of war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. is increasing?

A. I do not see the danger of war increasing with the Soviet Union. I think that in the next decade, as Soviet power grows—and it will grow not as a result of détente, but as a result of technology and economic development—the temptation to change political positions commensurate with that power may also grow. And in that sense there could be a danger of increased conflict. We do not, prior to that event, regulate our relationships in manner, and if we fail to keep up our defenses.

Q. Would it be in our strategic interest if there was war between the Soviet Union and China?

A. No. We are not stimulating the rivalry; we are doing nothing to encourage that conflict. It exists; it is a fact of political life. But nothing in which we can ourselves get involved. But a war between those two countries would be unfortunate. We're trying to improve relations with both [countries]. Of course, each side prefers it if we did not have a relationship with the other. For our purposes, it is better to have a relationship with both.

Q. Why should the President go to China this year?

A. The President is going because the essence of our relationship with China depends on a mutual understanding of each other's perceptions of the world. That requires a periodic exchange of views at the highest level. There hasn't been a meeting between the top Chinese leaders and an American President for nearly four years. In a relationship in which so much depends on give-and-take, an occasional meeting is quite important. [The trip] certainly not be just ceremonial.

Q. Do you expect the question of normalization of relations—or our breaking of relations with Taiwan—to be resolved?

A. The issue will certainly come up, and we'll discuss it in the spirit of the Shanghai Communiqué, which provides that the purpose of our contacts is to achieve full normalization. We

Our relationship with China depends on a mutual understanding of each other's perceptions of the world.

have a timetable right now. [As for the Chinese] well, they've stated publicly that they're patient.

Q. There have been reports that you will make a visit to Israel and Syria in December. Is that correct?

A. Absolutely not. Short of some crisis that I now don't see, I don't believe that I will visit Israel and Syria at that time.

Q. Do you feel that there will be a major reassessment of American commitment to Israel—and American policy in the Middle East in general—when the aid appropriations are presented to Congress?

A. The aid discussions take on a very curious form. The impression has been created that the aid requests for Israel and Egypt are caused by the Sinai agreement. Indeed, I saw it in your magazine [TIME, Sept. 15] that "Kissinger promised them certain things." The fact is that before the agreement the Israelis asked for \$2.6 billion and were confident enough of getting it that they put it into their budget as a public figure. Seventy-six Senators urged us to meet that request.

Last year Israel received \$3 billion of emergency and regular aid, and a substantial sum for Israel has been in every budget for the last 15 years. Similarly, we had allocated a certain amount for Egypt prior to the agreement. Aid levels were never discussed with Egypt during the agreement. We set the levels unilaterally after the agreement was completed. Aid to Israel and Egypt reflects our own interests; it is not a payment for the agreement.

Q. What about a reassessment in terms of our own domestic priorities—for example, the problems in New York?

A. This is not a fair choice because if you sacrifice an ally abroad, even if it has no immediate consequences, the long-term consequences in terms of your international position are very severe. We must overcome the idea that when we deal with foreign governments it is a favor that we do them, that we can withdraw without penalty to ourselves. If we have a close relationship with a foreign government, it must be because we believe that we have permanent interests. If we don't, then that relationship is in trouble. But if we do have permanent interests, then we cannot choose between New York and, say, Israel.

Q. There's been considerable questioning and criticism . . .

A. If it's criticism, it was unfair. [Laughter.]

Q. . . . about the failure of the U.S. to speak out for trial by jury and the rights of the accused in the case of the summary execution of Basques and leftist terrorists in Spain. Why was that?

A. I don't have the impression that trial by jury is part of the Spanish legal tradition. Trial by jury isn't the case in France and Germany. It's not the case in any country that has the Napoleonic Code or the Roman law. Trial by jury is an Anglo-Saxon concept that exists only in countries within the Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence.

We did not take an official position on the legal proceedings that were carried out in Spain, and I don't think that was the objection of many of the Europeans. Rather it was a rallying point for a historical resentment of Franco Spain, which is rooted in the experience of the Spanish Civil War. The relationship between Spain and the West—bringing Spain back to the West—is one of the critical problems of our foreign policy over the next five to ten years.

Q. What are your top priority items in foreign policy?

A. In foreign policy there are always periods of innovation and then there are periods of consolidation. We went through a period of innovation with respect to the Communist countries between '71 and '73. We are now in the process of consolidating this. We then went through a period of innovation in our relations with Western Europe and Japan in the period of '73 and '75. This is still going on. Although it has not been, in my view, adequately noted, I think our relationship with the industrial democracies is better and more creative than it has been at any time since the late 1940s. The things that were considered very advanced in '73, when I put forward the Year of Europe, are now accepted as a matter of course. At that time when we proposed that economic policies should be coordinated, this was rejected. Today it is made

as a demand. This is a period I would put in the middle of its creative phase.

Then we have the relationship with the new countries in which we have just begun the process of construction with the Seventh Special Session.

These are the three areas which are in various states of evolution. Of course, you have critical problems like the Middle East, which must, in my view, in the next three to five years make a substantial advance toward peace—or maybe achieve peace.

One of the things we've often discussed is the vitality of Western institutions in the period of change. This is perhaps our deepest problem, to which a foreign policymaker can contribute by performance but not directly.

Q. Last week you met with the Portuguese Foreign Minister [Melo Antunes] and the Administration has put forward to Congress the proposal for \$85 million in aid. How do you now feel about the survival of pluralist democracy in Portugal?

A. My position has been that without a systematic effort to encourage the pluralistic forces in Portugal, they would be defeated. For a while there was a disagreement between us and the

Without a systematic effort to encourage the pluralistic forces in Portugal, they would be defeated.



West Europeans, who thought that the forces of the government that was in office earlier this year would over a period of time produce pluralism. I was skeptical about this. During the summer the West Europeans came to the same conclusions we had earlier reached, namely, that pluralism had to be actively encouraged. And that has always been my position. I think it is still a very precarious situation in Portugal, the outcome of which is not clear. Recent trends are more encouraging.

Q. In your U.N. speech you suggested a conference between the concerned powers about the future of North and South Korea. That was rejected by the Chinese and the North Koreans.

A. Yes, but I'm not sure that is absolutely their last word on the subject. Even if there is no formal conference, we can have exchanges of views. We are not opposed to North Korea as such. What we don't want to do is have bilateral talks with North Korea to the exclusion of South Korea. We don't want to have South Korea maneuvered into the position of an international pariah while we settle the future of North Korea in negotiations with other countries. We would be prepared to participate in any negotiations or in any conference whose composition was reasonably balanced that included South Korea. Similarly, if the Soviet Union or the People's Republic were prepared to recognize South Korea, we would be prepared to recognize North Korea.

Q. In 1961 in *A World Restored*, you wrote that "statesmen often share the fate of prophets"—that they're without honor in their own country. Do you feel that you're suffering this fate?

A. Well, the lead time for prophecy has shortened. I think in the country there's a general feeling that our foreign policy is reasonably effective. Some of the criticism is the natural result of an election year. Some of it is the inevitable consequence of having been in office for seven years, in which you accumulate a lot of mortgages on yourself.

Inevitably, after one is out of office, one's policies will be seen in clearer perspective, because then the alternatives will have to be tried or rejected by somebody else. But, on the whole, the criticism does not go to the central core of the policy and, therefore, I believe the central core of the policy will be carried on after I leave office—even if another Administration succeeds us.

Q. It sounds like you'll stay, if the President's elected.

A. Don't scare me like that. I'd lose at least my dog, and probably my wife. [Laughter.]



IMAN STARTING CAREER AS MODEL



ALLEN PLAYING IT STRAIGHT

Snapping crocodiles in a game preserve in northern Kenya, Photographer **Peter Beard**, 37, eyed a 5-ft. 10-in. Somali tribeswoman with the face and bearing of Egypt's classic Queen Neferiti. "She was the most beautiful African I had ever seen," says Beard. "And in Africa, you learn to snag things when you see them." So Beard quickly snagged the tribeswoman—known as Iman—away from her chores tending the family's 500 cattle and sheep. He took lots of photographs and persuaded the Wilhelmina Model Agency in New York to sign her up. Iman, 20, who speaks fluent English, learned in the missionary schools she attended until age 15, arrived in Manhattan last week looking well-coiffed, made-up and clothed in jungle chic. "She's very distinguished, with a beautiful head and lovely long throat," observed **Diane Vreeland**, former editor of *Vogue*. Wilhelmina projected Iman's first-year salary at \$80,000, prompting Beard to boast: "I feel like it's *My Fair Lady*." Iman's own goal: "To see the world."

Woody Allen and Zero Mostel playing it straight? Director Martin Ritt (*Souander, Hud*) has unsmilingly cast the two in Columbia Pictures' *The Front*, a drama about Hollywood blacklisting in the '50s. For Mostel it's all bitter experience, for he was interrogated by the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1955 and scorned by movie producers for a decade. For Allen, playing a boofie who lets a blacklisted writer use his name, drama is all new, and he claims to be, as usual, nervous. "I can't guarantee the outcome," he says on the set. "I'm going to prove that comedians don't make great actors." The lovable shlemiel of *Sleeper* and other banana-peel epics is playing love scenes without his usual co-star and onetime roommate **Diane Keaton**. "We're just very very good friends," insists Allen. "We haven't been, uh, that way for years. Allen is even managing without his familiar props. "There is nothing big in the film," he says with a touch of regret. "No big bananas or big breasts."

In Paris, it's New Jimmy's and Le Régine. In Monte Carlo, the snob spots for drinking and dancing are the Maono (Tahitian), Paradise (Brazilian) and New Jimmies (art deco). The woman who manages all this, sometime Singer **Régine** (nee Zylberberg), 45, now plans



REGINE IN MONACO NIGHTCLUB

new discothèques in Rio and Manhattan. "Life begins with the first cocktail," says the lady who introduced *le twist* to Paris. "She only sleeps three hours a night," adds her husband and former secretary, Roger Choukroun. The cabaret queen is also branching out into fashion design. Her first collection, introduced at a Paris ready-to-wear show last week, features—what else?—evening wear specially designed for dancing. With it all, redhead Régine finds time to rehearse for a new film, *The Seven Per Cent Solution*, with **Laurence Olivier** and **Vanessa Redgrave**. Her part the madam in an exclusive bordello.

"An odd man . . . unpleasant . . . very artificial." Many people have said worse things about **ex-President Nixon**, but the speaker this time was his own Secretary of State, **Henry Kissinger**. The occasion was a black-tie dinner in Ottawa given in Kissinger's honor by Canadian External Affairs Minister Allan MacEachen. After the toasts were delivered, Kissinger evidently assumed that the tabletop microphones had been turned off, but a technician made the

PEOPLE

mistake of only turning them down. So newsmen, who had not been admitted to the banquet, soon heard Kissinger's familiar voice rumbling out of the press-room loudspeaker. The Secretary acknowledged that Nixon was "one of our better Presidents, very decisive in his own way." But he went on to say: "One thing that I have never understood is how he became a politician. He really dislikes people. He hated to meet new people." Moreover, "he barely governed during the last 18 months of his presidency, as things got worse with Watergate." Kissinger was as frank about John Kennedy, whom he liked, but "what did he accomplish" in the end? As for Jackie, "she is sexy. A hard woman who knows what she wants."

The dog-eared marriage register in the remote African village of Kasane, Botswana, now has its place in the history of show business romance. There, beneath the names of hundreds of local tribesmen, are the signatures of Elizabeth Taylor, 43, and Richard Burton, 49. The pair, divorced in June 1974 after a stormy ten-year marriage, tied the knot again while on safari in Africa. Liz dressed for the occasion in a green dress edged with lace and guinea-fowl feathers. Burton looked more prepared for the golf course in white slacks, a red shirt and matching socks. "Do you appreciate the consequences of this marriage?" asked Ambrose Masaila, the district commissioner performing the service. The roving-eyed Burton said yes—as did Liz, newly liberated from the attentions of Used-Car Salesman Henry Wynberg. After the ceremony, the couple celebrated with champagne on the banks of the Chobe River as hippos and a rhino placidly looked on.

"I believe everyone will regret her absence, including yours truly Truman Capote," wrote the author to the Los Angeles Times. "She is one helluva writer," agreed Producer Robert Evans (*Love Story, The Godfather*). The writer: syndicated Gossip Columnist Joyce Haber, 42, who was ousted by the Times after nine years of being cheered, feared and courted as Hollywood's most powerful journalistic sibyl. "The day of Hollywood gossip is absolutely over," says Entertainment Editor Charles Champlin in explanation of the firing. Newsroom gossips claim that the Times has been displeased with Haber's tendency to report on producers, lawyers and agents as much as on the more glamorous celebrities. Retorts Haber: "Champlin wanted a tradey column." Blaming her fate on "all those terrible people" at the Times, she plans to concentrate on her novel-in-progress, *The Users*, a saga about Hollywood types playing power and sex games. Says she: "Now I'm

thinking of including the press in my book and changing the title to *The Used*.

Holding tight to Husband Carlo Ponti, 61, Sophia Loren looked radiant and unruffled as she trooped about the U.S. promoting her latest film, *Poopsie and Company*. Can it be that the rumors about the Pontis' marriage are wrong? "I never snap at Carlo because he is always right" was all the serene Sophia would venture. As lines like that indicate, Sophia is not the world's foremost feminist. When the suggestion came up that the actress is regarded as a sex symbol, she answered: "I am a woman, mother and wife. If that means I am a sex symbol, I am for it 100%."

Sifting through old papers in a Dutch astronomy laboratory, scientists came across an unexpected treasure: 17 letters and postcards written by Albert Einstein between 1916 and 1918 to his friend the Dutch astronomer and mathematician Willem de Sitter. The discovery, reported in *Nature*, reveals an esoteric interchange between the two men about the theory of relativity. Einstein's observations range from the specific (he computed the radius of the universe as $R=10^7$ light-years) to the metaphoric ("I compare space to a cloth . . .") to the peevish ("Your solution corresponds to no physical possibility"). But the two scholars (De Sitter was 45 and Einstein 38 in 1917) frequently break off their strings of formulas to complain to each other about their frail health.

Italy's answer to Cary Grant was enjoying the role of tour guide as he strolled through Manhattan last week with a long-haired beauty on his arm. The young lady taking in the sights with Marcello Mastroianni, 51, simply had to be a movie star, with those smoldering dark eyes—but no. "One actor in the family is enough," said Barbara Mastroianni, 23, the actor's daughter by his wife, Flora Carabella. Barbara, a costume designer in Rome, accompanied her father to the U.S. to promote his new film, *Down the Ancient Stairs*. Despite the obvious affection between father and daughter, the romantic actor wants it to be clear that he is not a family man. "You Americans, you always have to have a conventional image of a father and a daughter," he chided. "That image makes people happy, but not my daughter and me. It's nice, but . . ." Then Papa Marcello sawed away on an imaginary violin.



SOPHIA AT CHICAGO COCKTAIL PARTY



TOURISTS MASTROIANNI IN MANHATTAN

The Right to Live—or Die

Curled in a fetal position and shrunk to half her normal 120 lbs., Karen Ann Quinlan lies helpless in St. Clare's Hospital in Denville, N.J., unaware that she is in effect going on trial for her life. Her eyes are open, unseeing. Her body convulses slightly every few seconds as an artificial respirator, surgically connected to her windpipe, forces her lungs to work, enabling her to continue in what her doctors describe as a "chronic vegetative state." Her heart is beating, and her permanently damaged brain continues to function, sending off slight

man Catholics, they have the support of their priest but not of their doctors or the state authorities. "We sympathize with the Quinlans," says New Jersey Attorney General William Hyland. "We do not wish to add to their anguish." But he insists that state law does not permit a termination of treatment. And no matter how Superior Court Judge Robert Muir rules, the case will probably be appealed, because of its gravity, to the New Jersey Supreme Court. Then, if Karen is still alive, it may well be appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Although the Quinlan case has attracted worldwide attention, it is, in its tragic essentials, not that rare. The only estimate for "terminal patients kept

collapsed shortly after drinking gin and tonic with friends. She had apparently taken some tranquilizers earlier, and the combination caused her "to nod out at the bar," as one of the friends put it. He took her to the house she was visiting, and she passed out. He attempted mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, then called an ambulance. After six months in the hospital, her mother says, she "isn't really living any more."

Key Elements. The Quinlans' attorney, Paul Armstrong, 30, filed a court paper three weeks ago arguing that "under the existing legal and medical definitions of death recognized by the state of New Jersey, Karen Ann Quinlan is dead." Karen's doctors disagree. Not only is her heart beating, says the hospital's lawyer, but she can breathe spontaneously even without the aid of the respirator.

Until recently, those were the two key elements in a ruling of life or death. Today, however, most doctors place at least as much importance on the condition of the brain. They have generally accepted the criteria suggested in 1968 by researchers at Harvard University: spontaneous respiration, no reflexive response to external stimuli or to pain, no brain activity showing on an EEG checked first by one observer then again by another 24 hours later. If these criteria hold, most doctors then assume that even if machines are keeping the patient alive, his brain is dead—and so is he. "Brain death" is currently the legal measure of death in eight states—but not in New Jersey, where the only rule for establishing death is absence of breathing and heart beat.

Even if New Jersey had a rule on brain death, Karen's case would not quite fit because of her slight brain activity and occasional spontaneous breathing. To cut off life support now might therefore fall within the area of euthanasia. In outright cases of euthanasia—"when someone is suffering from a terminal disease and you inject a drug to terminate life," as Dr. Winter puts it—the law demands a verdict of intentional homicide. But on the question of a doctor shutting off a life-supporting machine and permitting a patient to die, the law is largely silent. This is considered a mere "act of omission," and whether it constitutes homicide is a matter that has yet to be settled in court.

Quinlan Attorney Armstrong has recently backed away from the claim that Karen is dead. Instead, in a brief made public last week, he argues that Joseph Quinlan, as his daughter's guardian, has the responsibility to care for her best interest—and that includes. Armstrong says, the right to die with dignity. Whether this is legally persuasive remains to be seen, but it has attracted support among religious thinkers. Says



RESPIRATOR FOR FORCED BREATHING
At the border of survival.

but steady signals visible on an electroencephalogram (EEG).

Karen's case (TIME, Sept. 29) raises age-old medico-legal questions about human life—now complicated by technology's ability to keep gravely injured victims at the borders of survival. Is there a point at which incurable illness becomes living death? If so, is it permissible for someone's life to be deliberately cut off? And who has the right to make such a decision?

Grace and Dignity. Karen's adoptive parents, Joseph and Julia Ann Quinlan, will appear in court this week in Morris County, N.J., to argue that the 21-year-old girl, who has been in a coma since April, should be allowed to die "with grace and dignity." Both Ro-



KAREN QUINLAN IN HIGH SCHOOL

live by mechanical means," says Dr. Robert Veatch of the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences, is "lots and lots." Doctors in such cases often act alone and disconnect life-supporting machinery. "It is done all the time," says New Jersey Neurological Surgeon Arthur Winter. In Denver Anna Mair made the decision two years ago after her son David, 10, had been hit by a truck. Realizing that he would "never be anything but a shell," she told doctors to let him die. Sometimes, as in the Quinlan case, the parents find the doctor unwilling, either for ethical reasons or fear of a malpractice suit. In Elyria, Ohio, for example, Randal Carmen, 17, lapsed into a coma after a football injury and doctors refused to give up on him until he died two weeks later. Some patients are luckier. "I have seen people in comas who have survived after many days on machines," says Tennessee Plastic Surgeon McCarthy DeMere.

Karen Ann Quinlan mysteriously



You've taken your
last rough puff, once
you come up to
the smooth taste
of extra coolness.
Come up to KOOL.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

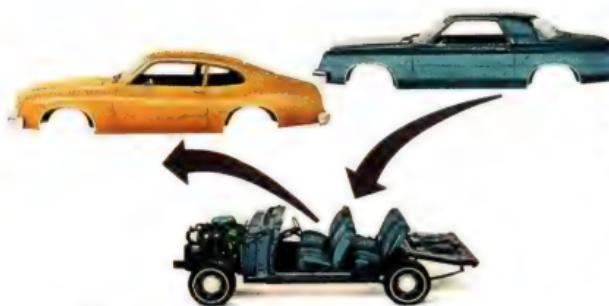
Milds 13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine; Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine;
Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

Now lowered tar KOOL Milds



NEW

What does



The Detroit concept: Make it look new.

It's probably the most powerful word in advertising.

And often the emptiest.

Because it's been abused so much.

Make a modest change in a product and right away it's NEW!

Make two little changes and it's NEW NEW!

Some advertisers have even gone so far as to label their products ALL NEW! Which, if you stop for a moment and analyze it, is somewhat redundant.

Detroit vs. Webster

Let's take the American car manufacturers. And mind you, we don't mean to disparage their craftsmanship, because the fact is, they do make some pretty fine automobiles.

But their misuse of the word "new" would make Webster turn over in his grave.

Last year, almost every major American car manufacturer introduced new outside-on-old-insides. And spent gigantic advertising budgets promoting their NEW cars.

(One manufacturer is actually about to launch a major NEW car introduction for an automobile that's been around in Europe for some time now, that they're merely making a few changes and slapping a sleek American body on.)

Are these cars really new? Hardly. Sure, legally they can get away with calling them NEW. However, if the lawyers really wanted to be accurate about it, their advertising should carry a sentence that reads "OUTSIDE NEW ONLY."

The Secret Everybody Knows

Now we all know what "new" really is. It's no great, dark secret that you

have to go to the top of the mountain to find out.

It's simply that which hasn't existed before.

In the case of an automobile, it's starting from scratch and totally redesigning just about every single part to best fit your needs. Or rather, to best fill the needs of the driver.

Which is exactly what we did with the Volkswagen Rabbit.

Five Long, Hard Years

Five years ago, we set out to design the car of the future. Which may sound like a cliché, but it happens to be true.

We wanted to build the perfect car not only for today, but for the next twenty (maybe more) years.

To do that properly, we had to start from ground zero, taking everything into consideration — primarily economy, handling, safety and comfort.

Let's take economy.

With the price of gas skyrocketing — and no relief in sight — we felt we had to build a car that didn't get good, but great gas mileage.

And so we did. The standard transmission Rabbit gets an EPA-estimated 38 miles per gallon on the highway and 24 in the city. (Actual mileage may vary depending on type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and optional equipment.)

Big Mileage: No Big Deal

Now there's nothing that's extraordinary about getting high gas mileage — if you want to sacrifice performance which is exactly what most cars do. But we didn't want to. We felt we couldn't. More and more superhigh-

NEW!

it mean?



The VW concept: Make it new.

ways are being built every day and our car had to be zippy enough to negotiate them.

Well, our engineers figured out a way, despite the 38 miles per gallon to get the Rabbit from 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds.

To our knowledge, there is no other car in the world—none—that can give you this much gas mileage and this much acceleration together. And there may never be another one.

A Good Handling Car Is a Safe Handling Car

As far as handling goes, we didn't just stop at things like front-wheel drive for better tracking and rack-and-pinion steering (though they make the car handle so well we probably could have). We designed, for example, a totally unique independent stabilizer rear axle. Rather than bore you with the details right now, we think it will suf-

fice to say that this axle significantly increases the stability of the car on rough roads. And therefore the safety.

And speaking of safety, we gave the Rabbit features that you'll find on few other cars in the world. Like something called "negative steering roll radius," which helps bring the car to a straight stop in the event of a front-wheel blowout. "Dual diagonal brakes," which means that if either brake circuit fails, directional stability is maintained. And a uniquely designed double-jointed steering column that breaks aside in the event of impact.

How We Did the Impossible

Our engine, by the way, is what's called a "transverse engine." Which means it's mounted sideways. That's how we were able to

keep the Rabbit so compact on the outside, yet so big and comfortable on the inside (it actually has the same amount of head and leg room as some mid-sized American cars!).

Curl Up With a Good Ad

Most of the incredible features that we've incorporated into this revolutionary automobile we really don't have the space to go into right now. However, you'll get a chance to read about them in detail in future ads we're planning to run. We're certain you'll be quite impressed.

But what will impress you even more is stopping in at a VW dealer and actually seeing the Rabbit in the flesh. And, of course, driving it.

You see, if you're in the market for a new car, we think your hard-earned money deserves more than just the word NEW with an exclamation point after it.

It deserves new, period.

The Amazing Rabbit



**Shown below:
All the beers in America
that are still Beechwood Aged.**



**"Somebody
still cares about
quality."**



ATTORNEY EINHORN



JUDGE ROBERT MUIR



ATTORNEY ARMSTRONG

Does any mentally competent person ever really have a constitutional right to die?

Theologian Martin Marty: "When in any other age she would be dead, then I believe that it is not playing God to stop extraordinary treatment; in fact, it is playing God to keep her alive."

Armstrong also offers the rather unusual constitutional argument that the Quinlans' right to let Karen die is protected by the First Amendment's guarantee of religious freedom. As Roman Catholics, he says, the Quinlans believe "that earthly existence is but one phase of a continuing life," and thus it is unnecessary for Karen to cling to her present life by "the futile use" of a respiratory machine. Further still, Armstrong contends that the Eighth Amendment also gives the Quinlans the right to let Karen die, claiming that the denial of that right is "cruel and unusual" punishment. Though several cases have held that a mentally competent person has a constitutional right to choose to die rather than be treated, the law is far from settled. It is even foggy on when, if ever, the guardian of an incompetent like Karen can exercise that same right on her behalf.

Preserving Life. Arguing against the Quinlans, Attorney General Hyland and Deputy Attorney General David Baime totally reject Armstrong's constitutional claims. The state's position is largely based on a decision by the New Jersey Supreme Court, which held that a member of the Jehovah's Witnesses did not have the right to refuse a blood transfusion on religious grounds. The court then said: "There is no constitutional right to choose to die." Moreover, Hyland and Baime insist that because the state's interest in preserving life outweighs the expressed desire of a patient to die, "it can hardly be argued that a guardian may choose to terminate the life of his ward."

Attorney Donald G. Collester Jr., representing Morris County, also rejects Armstrong's case. Citing the same court precedent, Collester concludes that in New Jersey "it is clear no one has the right, constitutional or otherwise, to be a martyr or make his child a martyr." This view, too, has its ethical supporters. Says Arthur Dycks, professor of ethics at Harvard Divinity and Medical Schools: "One should err on the side of saving this woman's life. Doctors should keep people alive. Otherwise, hospitals become Frankenstein monsters."

While the Quinlans and the state authorities confront one another, the unconscious Karen also has an attorney. Daniel Coburn, 32, a part-time New Jersey public defender, was appointed by the court to guard what he calls her "constitutional right to life." Coburn has gone so far as to say that Karen could recover. And if the evidence he puts forward supports him in any way, he seems certain to prevail.

Of the eight lawyers in the case, two declare that the matter should not be argued in court at all. The hospital's attorney, Theodore Einhorn, says that the court ought to leave the patient to her doctors. So does Ralph Porzio, the lawyer for those doctors. "Miss Quinlan must be viewed as a patient undergoing treatment," says Porzio. Some outside doctors feel the same way. To allow the court to decide the Quinlan case, says Dr. David Posner, a neurologist at Massachusetts General Hospital, "is taking the judgment of a doctor and putting it in the hands of those not competent to make a decision—the courts."

Central to this controversy of doctors v. judges is the whole problem of skyrocketing malpractice suits (TIME, June 16). "Physicians I have known for years stare at me in bewilderment, wondering what kind of situation we're in now," says Dr. William Curran of the Harvard School of Public Health. "They are more afraid than they were before" about pulling the plug. The hospital where Karen lies is asking the court this week for immunity from civil suits or criminal prosecution if the court rules that she should be allowed to die.

Cool and Balanced. Once all the arguments have been heard, Judge Muir intends to make his decision next week. It will probably be the toughest question that has ever faced the 43-year-old jurist, who specialized in municipal law before his appointment to the bench in 1971. "He is cool, and very balanced," says one observer. "He does his homework and weighs everything very carefully." Judge Muir will have plenty of weighing to do, for the courts have generally been reluctant to make life and death decisions. Nonetheless, the question of whether the plug can be pulled is unlikely to disappear. And now that the issue has reached the courts, doctors and families around the country await a decision.

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portable such a slim,
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think we left something out:
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All 100% solid-state. All
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ZENITH

The quality goes in
before the name goes on.



STAR BOARDER MAKING SPEED RUN



ONE-LEGGED MAN HANDSTANDING

Wheel Crazy

Southern California, the launching pad of fads, is in the grip of a revival as frenetic as any ever whipped up by an evangelist. The skateboard has returned as the favorite platform of the well-balanced athlete. After ten years in the recreational limbo reserved for Hula-Hoops and yo-yos, the surfboard on wheels is already the preferred mode of propulsion—and sleight of foot—for an estimated 2 million Southern Californians, and their numbers are increasing by as many as 5,000 a day. The skateboarding craze may already claim around 30 million enthusiasts nationwide. Los Angeles manufacturers have received orders from as far away as Japan and Germany.

Funnybone-First. Whether roaring down a canyon road or hurtling around the concave walls of an empty, round swimming pool, the new skateboards are as different from their 1960s predecessors as a ten-speed bike is from a velocipede. The original skateboards were made of wood and had nailed-on wheels of metal, rubber or clay. The new models, up to 30 in long, are made of fiber glass, with clear amber polyurethane wheels, adapted from roller skates, that give the rider more stability and versatility. "Compared with the new skateboards, the old ones were like cars with wooden wheels," says Frank Nasworthy, 24, a Virginia Polytechnic Institute dropout now on his way to becoming a millionaire (he was the first in the business to put boards on plastic wheels). Sophisticated models cost upwards of \$40, \$5 or so for the skateboards of a decade ago. The new boards, bearing names like Freestyle, Banzai and Road Rider, come in psychedelic colors and have fueled a satellite industry manufacturing accessories such as T shirts (often with top pros' names on them), bikinis, special crepe-soled sandals and souped-up axles. Four skateboarding movies have been made, and *SkateBoarder*, a magazine that went out of business in 1965 but was recently revived, sold out its first two issues of 75,000 and 100,000 copies at \$1 per copy.

While skateboarding appealed mostly to preadolescents in its first incarnation, the majority of its adherents now range in age from nine to 25; a 72-year-old Angeleno recently bought a new model in order, he explained, to spend more time with his board-bound grandchildren. Many of the most proficient asphalt athletes are surfers who have come ashore, and they claim that the two sports demand many of the same skills. Says *SkateBoarder* Editor Warren Bolster: "You can go out and do the same things you do on a surfboard, but it's something you can do any time. Surfing takes waves."

HURTLING ROUND SWIMMING POOL

Some skateboarding tricks can only be done on land: jumping from a fast-moving skateboard over a 4-ft. bar and landing back on the board, for example. A World Skateboard Pro-Am Championship at the Los Angeles Sports Arena last month attracted 37 teams of pros, including Top Star Denis Schufeldt, 24, a San Diego yoga teacher who claims to use "yoga and body control" to retain his title as the fastest downhill racer.

Skateboarders have been clocked on Sunset Boulevard at more than 42 m.p.h., and claim to reach speeds of 60 m.p.h. Southern California hospitals reported a 100% increase last summer in admissions of teenagers with broken or fractured limbs, particularly "skateboard elbow," caused by landing funnybone-first. To cut down the carnage rate, Long Beach, San Diego and other communities have banned skateboarding in the streets and parks. Hollywood Hills' celebrated "Toilet Bowl," a vast, saucer-like storm drain that attracts thousands of skateboard stunters each week, has been modified with antispeed bumps to slow the action; some San Diego high schools are planning special skateboard safety classes. But even star boarders wind up in splints. *SkateBoarder* Editor Bolster broke both his wrists this year.

Signed in Gold

It took only three minutes to sell lot No. 216 at Manhattan's Swann Galleries last week. The item, bound in two gilt-tooled morocco volumes, was bought at auction by a Philadelphia lawyer for \$120,000. The price made history. The item was history: autographs of all 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Autographs (or holographs), as distinct from mere signatures, are by definition documents in the author's handwriting—preferably signed by him. Their value depends on rarity, content—usually their historic significance—and the writer's eminence. With inflation and the uncertain stock market, many buyers have turned to autographs

Abraham Lincoln

and other tangible investments like diamonds, antiques and rare books, thus driving up prices. "In the past five to seven years, business has more than doubled, even tripled," says Doris Harris, a Los Angeles autograph dealer. Reports Sara Willen, another Los Angeles dealer: "Good manuscripts on the average go up 10% to 25% a year." But there is a more enduring reason than their investment potential. Says New York's Charles Hamilton, a leading figure in the autograph market: "There is this excitement about owning a permanent

Button Gwinnett

relic of a great man which is not only written by him but contains his thoughts and words—the human part. Autographs are the only self-proving and authentic mementos of great men and women."

Among presidential autographs, those most in demand are by Lincoln, Washington and John F. Kennedy. Almost any signed Lincoln document is worth at least \$2,000. Abe's reply to a girl who had urged him to grow whiskers—"Do you not think people would call it a silly affection [sic] if I were to begin now?"—sold for \$20,000. A 1785 letter from Washington in which he refused "pecuniary reward" for his services to the young country fetched \$37,000 in 1973, an alltime record for a presidential letter. The highest price ever bid for a letter may be \$51,000, the sum paid in 1927 for a routine communication by Button Gwinnett, one of the obscurest signers of the Declaration, whose rare autograph helped fuel the bidding at last week's auction.

Authentic signatures of President Kennedy are rare because he had at least 14 secretaries signing his letters; thousands more were dispatched by "autopen," a robot writer that can realistically reproduce a signature. A memorable excerpt from J.F.K.'s inaugural address ("Ask not what your country can do for you . . ."), handwritten and signed by the President on White House stationery, sold for \$11,000 in 1971, the highest price paid for a document signed by any U.S. President since Lincoln.

Says Mary Benjamin, a noted autograph scholar and dealer: "The field is governed in great part by emotion, the feelings that collectors have toward the individuals who have written." Nonetheless, villains too have autograph appeal. Papers signed by John Wilkes Booth sell for around \$1,000, ten times as much as writings by his gifted brother Edwin Booth. Benedict Arnold's three-page will sold for \$2,800. Two known letters from Jesse James are worth between \$5,000 and \$10,000. Documents of Nazi leaders command high prices. Producer David Wolper, a collector of note, has a Christmas card that was sent by Al Capone to all of people. George Bernard Shaw. Its message "May our rackets live forever." Among other curiosities, Dealer Hamilton has a 1969 letter from Patty Hearst valued by the seller at \$1,000.

Autographs of great writers are perennially in demand. A moving letter from Dickens deplored public hangings;

is for sale in London at \$525. Only half a dozen authentic Shakespeare signatures survive—all in museums. "If someone came up with another Shakespeare," says Swann Galleries' Owner George Lowry, "it would be worth as much as a Jesus Christ."

While Christ may in fact never have signed his name—maybe he used a cross—a daring 19th century French forger sold spurious signatures of Mary Magdalene, Pontius Pilate and Lazarus (after his resurrection). Some of the great forgeries have acquired genuine value, notably a play purported to be by Shakespeare that was "discovered" by 18-

year-old William Henry Ireland in 1795 and was actually produced in London by Richard Brinsford Sheridan (the first-night audience howled it down).

While historic documents continue to be found occasionally in attics or old trunks, the supply of valuable autographs is drying up. In the age of the telephone, few people write personal letters. Even great men have their papers typed and signed by autopen. This is a distressing prospect for historians as well as dealers. The time may come when autograph collectors are reduced to bidding on presidential tapes, explicatives deleted.



DEBORAH OFFNER & PAT HINGLE IN A SCENE FROM A GRAVE UNDERTAKING

Masque of Death

A GRAVE UNDERTAKING

by LLOYD GOLD

The time is Mardi Gras. The place is an undertaker's parlor that looks rather like a medieval cloister. The hero is an undertaker named Herman Starr (Pat Hingle) who jests at death as if he never felt the wound. Actually, he feels it very deeply since his 15-year-old daughter Monica (Deborah Offner) may die at any moment. She was born a blue baby with "a hole in her heart."

A Grave Undertaking, which is having its premiere at Princeton's McCarter Theater, has a few holes too, for it is the first full-length effort of a young writer. At 25, Lloyd Gold shows a genuine feel for drama and the daring to tackle a large theme—death.

The play is full of gallows humor. In one scene, straight out of the theater of the absurd, Hingle, raging over his

daughter's abortive life, tries to throttle a cadaver in front of the relatives of the dead man.

A Grave Undertaking is an indictment of God. If God is good, how can he permit the death of a young innocent? If he does not exist, death can only be a convocation of worms. This line of reasoning is not new; it runs through dramatic literature from Euripides to Ibsen—life is a dirty joke. But themes do not a playwright make. A grip on the dramatic imagination does, and Gold shows every sign of that. Born in Georgia, he has spent two summers at the Edward Albee Foundation at Montauk on Long Island, N.Y. It will not come as a surprise that Pat Hingle imbues his role with the warmest humanity. As Monica, Deborah Offner impressively combines girlish fantasy with bride-of-death gravity. Michael Kahn's direction is a manual of professional devotion, and the McCarter has a small gem on its hands.

T.E. Kalem

COVER STORY

The Backstreet Phantom of Rock

The rock-'n'-roll generation: everybody grows up by staying young.

Bruce Springsteen is onto this. In fact, he has written a song about it:

*I pushed B-52 and bombed 'em with the blues
With my gear set stubborn on standing
I broke all the rules, strafed my old high school
Never once gave thought to landing.
I hid in the clouded warmth of the crowd,
But when they said, "Come down," I threw up.
Ooh... growin' up.*

He has been called the "last innocent in rock," which is at best partly true, but that is how he appears to audiences who are exhausted and on fire at the end of a concert. Springsteen is not a golden California boy or a glitter queen from Britain. Dressed usually in leather jacket and shredded undershirt, he is a glorified gutter rat from a dying New Jersey resort town who walks with an easy swagger that is part residual stage presence, part boardwalk braggadocio. He nurtures the look of a lowlife romantic even though he does not smoke, scarcely drinks and disdains every kind of drug.

In all other ways, however, he is the dead-on image of a rock musician street smart but sentimental, a little enigmatic, articulate mostly through his music. For 26 years Springsteen has known nothing but poverty and debt until, just in the past few weeks, the rock dream came true for him. ("Man, when I was nine I couldn't imagine anyone not wanting to be Elvis Presley.") But he is neither sentimental nor superficial. His music is primal, directly in touch with all the impulses of wild humor and glancing melancholy, street tragedy and punk anarchy that have made rock the distinctive voice of a generation.

Springsteen's songs are full of echoes—of Sam Cooke and Elvis Presley, of Chuck Berry, Roy Orbison and Buddy Holly. You can also hear Bob Dylan, Van Morrison and the Band weaving among Springsteen's elaborate fantasias. The music is a synthesis, some Latin and soul, and some good jazz riffs too. The tunes are full of precipitate breaks and shifting harmonies; the lyrics often abstract, bizarre, wholly personal.

Springsteen makes demands. He figures that when he sings

*Baby this town rips the bones from your back
It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap
We gotta get out while we're young
'Cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run.*

everybody is going to know where he's coming from and just where he's heading.

Springsteen first appeared in the mid-'60s for a handful of local fans from the scuzzy Jersey shore. Then, two record albums of wired brilliance (*Greetings from Asbury Park, N.J.* and *The Wild, Innocent & E Street Shuffle*) enlarged his audience to cult. The albums had ecstatic reviews—there was continuing and growing talk of "a new Dylan"—but slim sales. Springsteen spent nearly two years working on his third album, *Born to Run*, and Columbia Records has already invested \$150,000 in ensuring that this time around, everyone gets the message.

The album has made it to No. 1, the title track is a hit single, and even the first two albums are snugly on the charts. Concerts have sold out hours after they were announced. Last Thursday Springsteen brought his distinctively big-city rubbed-raw sensibility to a skeptical Los Angeles, not only major market but the bastion of a wholly different rock style. It remained to be seen how Springsteen would go down in scene whose characteristic pop music is softer, easier, pitched to life on the beaches and in the canyons, hardly in tune with his son of dead-end carnival. Springsteen's four-day stand at a Sunset Strip theater called the Roxy was a massive dose of culture shock that booted everyone back to the roots, showed 'em up good and got 'em all on their feet dancing.



Even the most laid-back easy rocker would find it tough to resist his live performance. Small, tightly muscled, the voice a chopped-and-channeled rasp, Springsteen has the wild on-stage energy of a pinball rebounding off invisible flippers, coming down the alley past traps and penalties, dead center for extra points and the top score.

Expecting a monochromatic street punk, the L.A. crowd got a dervish leaping on the tables, all arms and flailing dance steps, and a rock poet as well. In over ten years of playing tandem dates and rundown discos, Springsteen has mastered the true stage secret of the rock pro: he seems to be letting totally and fearlessly; yet the performance remains perfectly orchestrated. With his E Street Band, especially Clarence Clemons' smartly lowdown saxophone, Springsteen can coper and promenade, boogie out into the audience, recite a rambling, funny monologue about girl watching back



"The rush moment that you live for" Bruce Springsteen in performance.



Springsteen sings; below:
backstage with Saxman Clemons
and Guitarist "Miami Steve" Van
Zandt; an onstage leap; offstage
with his girl friend Karen Darvin.



MUSIC

Asbury Park, or switch moods in the middle of songs

He expects his musicians to follow him along. Many of the changes are totally spur of the moment, and the band is tight enough to take them in stride. "You hook on to Bruce on that stage and you go wherever he takes you," says Clarence Clemons. "It's like total surrender to him." A Springsteen set is raucous, poignant, brazen. It is clear that he gets off on the show as much as the audience, which is one reason why a typical gig lasts over two hours. The joy is infectious and self-fulfilling. "This music is forever for me," Springsteen says. "It's the stage thing, that rush moment that you live for. It never lasts, but that's what you live for."

He once cautioned in a song that you can "waste your summer prayin' in vain for a savior to rise from these streets," but right now Springsteen represents a regeneration, a renewal of rock. He has gone back to the sources, rediscovered the wild excitement that rock has lost over the past few years. Things had settled down in the '70s with a few exceptions, like Paul Simon, Jackson Browne and Linda Ronstadt, there was an excess of showmanship, too much din substituting for true power, repetition—as in this past summer's Rolling Stones tour—for lack of any new directions. Springsteen has taken rock forward by taking it back, keeping it young. He uses and embellishes the myths of the '50s pop culture; his songs are populated by bad-ass loners, wiped-out heroes, bikers, hot-rollers, women of soulful mystery. Springsteen conjures up a whole half-world of shattered sunlight and fractured neon, where his characters re-enact little pageants of challenge and desperation.

The *Born to Run* album is so powerful, and Springsteen's presence so prevalent at the moment, that before the phenomenon has had a chance to settle, a reaction is already setting in. He is being typed as a '50s hood in the James Dean mold, defused for being a hype, put down as a product of the Columbia promo "fog machine," condemned for slicking up and recycling a few old rock 'n' roll riffs. Even Springsteen remains healthily skeptical. "I don't understand what all the commotion is about," he told *TIME* Correspondent James Willwerth. "I feel like I'm on the outside of all this, even though I know I'm on the inside. It's like you want attention, but sometimes you can't relate to it."

Springsteen defies classification. This is one reason recognition was so long in coming. There is nothing simple to hold on to. He was discovered by Columbia Records Vice President of Talent Acquisition John Hammond, who also found Billie Holiday, Benny Goodman and Bob Dylan, among others. Hammond knew "at once that Bruce would last a generation" but thought of him first as a folk musician.

Casting Springsteen as a rebel in a motorcycle jacket is easy enough—it makes a neat fit for the character he adopted in *Born to Run*—but it ignores a whole other side of his importance and of his music.

Born to Run is a bridge between Springsteen the raffish rocker and the more ragged, introverted street poet of the first two albums. Although he maintains that he "hit the right spot" on *Born to Run*, it is the second album, *The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle*, that seems to go deepest. A sort of free-association autobiography, it comes closest to the wild fun-house refractions of Springsteen's imagination. In *Wild Billy's Circus Song*, when he sings, "He's gonna miss his fall, oh God save the human cannibal," Springsteen could be anticipating and describing his own current, perhaps perilous trajectory. In case of danger, however, Springsteen will be rescued by the music itself, just as he has always been. "Music saved me," he says. "From the beginning, my guitar was something I could go to. If I hadn't found music, I don't know what I would have done."

He was born poor in Freehold, N.J., a working-class town near the shore. His mother Adele ("Just like Superwoman, she did everything, everywhere, all the time") worked through his childhood as a secretary. His father, Douglas Springsteen (the name is Dutch), was "a sure-money man" at the pool tables who drifted from job to job stalked by undetermined demons.

"My Daddy was a driver," Springsteen remembers. "He liked to get in the car and just drive. He got everybody else in the car too, and he made us drive. He made us all drive." These two-lane odysseys without destination only reinforced Springsteen's already flourishing sense of displacement. "I lived half of my first 13 years in a trance or something," he says now. "People thought I was weird because I always went around with this look on my face. I was thinking of things, but I was always on the outside, looking in."

The parents pulled up stakes and moved to California when Bruce was still in his teens. Bruce stayed behind, with some bad memories of hassles with nuns in parochial school, an \$18 guitar and random dreams of a phantom father for company. By the time he was 18, he had some perspective on his father. "I figured out we were pretty much alike," Springsteen says, by which he means more than a shared cool skill at the pool table and a taste for long car rides. "My father never has much to say to me, but I know he thinks about a lot of things. I know he's driving himself almost crazy thinking about these things ... and yet he sure ain't got much to say when we sit down to talk." The elder Springsteen currently drives a bus in San Mateo, a suburb south of

CLOWNING IN ASBURY PARK



MEDIA-PLEAS

San Francisco. Neither he nor his wife made it to Los Angeles for their son's big show.

Bruce bunked in with friends back in Jersey and tried to make it through public high school. He took off on weekend forays into Manhattan for his first strong taste of big-city street life and began making music. He started writing his own because he could not figure out how to tune his guitar to play anyone else's material accurately. "Music was my way of keeping people from looking through and around me. I wanted the heavies to know I was around."

In 1965, while he was still finishing high school, Springsteen began forming bands like the Castiles, which did gigs for short money in a Greenwich Village spot called the Cafe Wha? He met up with Miami Steve Van Zandt, current lead guitarist of the E Street Band, around that time. "We were all playing anything we could to be part of the scene," Van Zandt recalls. "West Coast stuff, the English thing, R & B and blues. Bruce was writing five or ten songs a week. He would say, 'I'm gonna go home tonight and write a great

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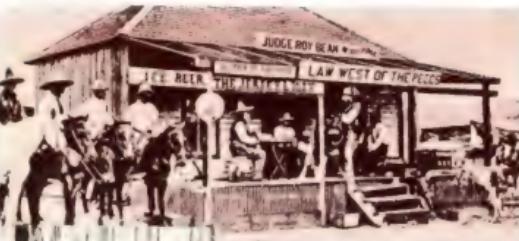


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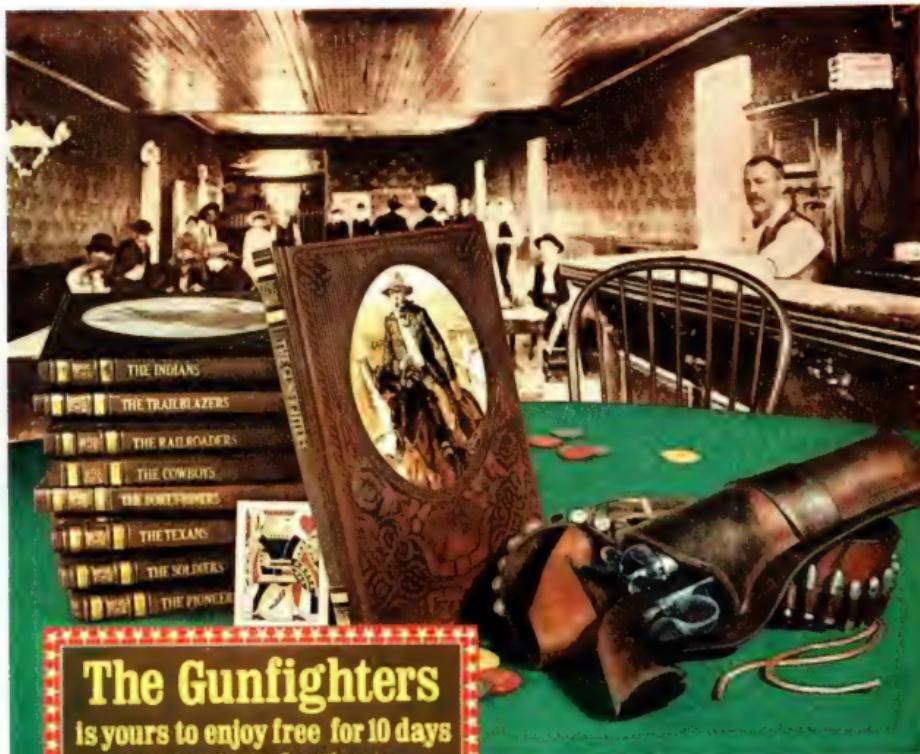


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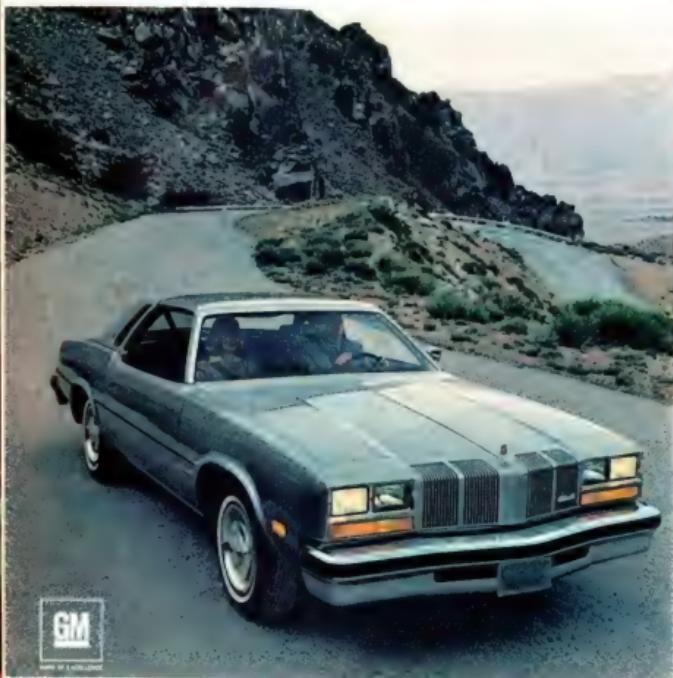
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song," and he did. He was the Boss then, and he's the Boss now."

Still, the Boss was sufficiently uncertain of his musical future to quit school altogether. He enrolled in Ocean County College, showed up in what is still his standard costume—Fruit of the Loom undershirt, tight jeans, sneakers and leather jacket—and was soon invited round for a chat by one of the guidance staff. As Springsteen tells it, the counselor dropped the big question on him immediately. "You've got trouble at home, right?"

"Look, things are great, I feel fine," Springsteen replied warily.

"Then why do you look like that?"

"What are you talking about?"

"There are some students who have complained about you."

"Well, that's their problem, you know?" said Springsteen, ending the conversation and his formal education

Instead, he took his music anywhere they would listen. His bands changed names (the Rogues, the Steel Mill, Dr. Zoom and the Sonic Boom) as frequently as personnel. "I've gone through a million crazy bands with crazy people who did crazy things," Springsteen remembers. They played not only clubs and private parties but firemen's balls, a state mental hospital and Sing Sing prison, a couple of trailer parks, a roller rink, the parking lot of a Shop-Rite and under the screen during intermission at a drive-in. A favorite spot for making music, and for hanging out, was Asbury Park

"Those were wonderful days," says Springsteen's buddy, Southside Johnny Lyon. "We were all young and crazy." Building with music and the fever of young musicians, bands swapping songs and members, new jobs and old girls, Asbury Park sounds, if only in memory, like Liverpool before it brought forth the Beatles. Springsteen lived in a surfboard factory run by a displaced Californian named Carl Vergil ("Tinker") West III, who became, for a time, his manager.

Everybody had a band: not only Springsteen and Southside, but also Miami Steve, Vini ("Mad Dog") Lopez (who played drums on Bruce's first two albums) and Garry Tallent (now bass guitarist for the E Street Band). They all would appear at a dive called the Upstage Club for \$15 a night, work from 8 p.m. to 5 a.m., then party together, play records and adjourn till the next afternoon, when they would meet on the boardwalk to check the action and talk music. For sport everyone played Monopoly, adding a few refinements that made the game more like the Jersey boardwalk they knew. There were two special cards: a Chief McCarthy card (named in honor of a local cop who rousted musicians indiscriminately) and a Riot card. The McCarthy card allowed the bearer to send any opponent to jail without reason; whoever drew the Riot card could fire-bomb any opponent's real estate.

Springsteen was a demon player and won frequently, according to Southside, because "he had no scruples." Nicknamed "the Gut Bomb King" because of his passion for junk food, he would show up for a Monopoly tourney with armfuls of Pepsi and Drake's cakes. Whenever anyone would get hungry and ask for a snack, Springsteen was ready with a deal one Pepsi, one hotel.

Nobody was getting rich outside of Monopoly. In 1970 Asbury Park was the scene of a bad race riot, and the tourists stayed away. "The place went down to the ground, and we rode right down with it," says Miami Steve. There were jobs to be had in a few of the bars, playing easy-listening rock. But Springsteen and his pals disdained them because, as he says simply, "we hated the music. We had no idea how to hustle either. We weren't big door knockers, so we didn't go to New York or Philly." Adds Van Zandt, who lived on a dollar a day: "We were all reading in the papers how much fun rock 'n' roll was—it seemed like another world. We didn't take drugs. We couldn't afford any bad habits."

A lot of the life Springsteen saw then and lived through found its way into his songs, but indirectly, filtered through an imagination that discovered a crazy romanticism in the ragtag boardwalk life.



SPRINGSTEEN DRIVING IN NEW JERSEY AND (BELOW) SHOOTING POOL IN NEW ORLEANS

*She worked that joint
under the
boardwalk, she was
always the girl you
saw boppin' down the
beach with the radio.
Kids say last night she
was dressed
like a star in one of the
cheap little sea-
side bars and I saw her
parked with her
lover boy out on the
Kokomo*



Tinker, the surfboard manufacturer and manager, called Mike Appel on Springsteen's behalf. Appel, whose major claim to fame until then was the co-authorship of a Partridge Family hit called *Doesn't Somebody Want to Be Wanted*, was smart enough to see Springsteen's talent and brash enough to spirit him away from Tinker. Appel got Springsteen to work up a clutch of new songs by simply calling him frequently and asking him to come into New York. Springsteen would jump on the bus and have a new tune ready by the time he crossed the Hudson.

A ppel also called John Hammond at Columbia. The call was Springsteen's idea, but the come-on was all Appel. He told Hammond he wanted him to listen to his new boy because Hammond had discovered Bob Dylan, and "we wanna see if that was just a fluke, or if you really have ears." Hammond reacted to Springsteen "with a force I'd felt maybe three times in my life." Less than 24 hours after the first meeting, contracts were signed.

Even before Springsteen's first album was released in 1973, Appel was already on the move. He offered the NBC producer of the Super Bowl the services of his client to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Informed that Andy Williams had already been recruited, with Blood, Sweat & Tears to perform during half time, he cried, "They're losers and you're a loser too. Some day I'm going to give you a call and remind you of this, then I'm going to make another call and you'll be out of a job." Says Hammond: "Appel is as offensive as any man

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I've ever met, but he's utterly selfless in his devotion to Bruce."

Appel and Springsteen understood each other. They agreed that Bruce and the band should play second fiddle to nobody. After a quick but disastrous experience as an opening act for Chicago, Springsteen appeared only as a headline attraction. That meant fewer bookings. There was also little to be done about the narrowing future of Bruce's recording career. Regarded as a pet of banished Columbia Records President Clive Davis, Springsteen was ignored by the executives who took over from Davis. *The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle* was not so much distributed as dumped.

For two years Springsteen crisscrossed the country, enlarging his following with galvanic concerts. Early last year, playing a small bar called Charley's in Cambridge, Mass., he picked up an important new fan. Jon Landau, a *Rolling Stone* editor, had reviewed Bruce's second album favorably for a local paper, and Charley's put the notice in the window. Landau remembers arriving at the club and seeing Springsteen hugging himself in the cold and reading the review. A few weeks later, Landau wrote, "I saw the rock and roll future and its name is Springsteen."

Some loyalists at Columbia persuaded the company to

over with the kind of driving instrumental cushioning characterized the sides Phil Spector produced in the late '60s. The lyrics burst with nighthawk poetry:

*The screen door slams
Mary's dress waves
Like a vision she dances across the porch
As the radio plays
Roy Orbison singing for the lonely
Hey that's me and I want you only
Don't turn me home again
I just can't face myself alone again*

If all this effort has suddenly paid off grandly, and maybe Springsteen remains obstinately unchanged. He continues to hassle with Appel over playing large halls, and just last month refused to show up for a Maryland concert Appel had booked into a 10,000-seat auditorium. The money is starting to flow now. Springsteen takes home \$350 a week, the same as Appel and the band members. There are years of debt and back fees to repay. Besides, Springsteen is not greatly concerned about matters of finance. Says John Hammond: "In all years in this business, he is the only person I've met who cares absolutely nothing about money."

Springsteen lives sometimes with girl friend Karen Darvin, 20, a free-spirited leggy model from Texas, in a small apartment on Manhattan's East Side. More frequently he is down on the Jersey shore where he has just moved into more comfortable—but not lavish—quarters, bought his first decent hi-fi rig. He remains adamantly indifferent to clothing and personal adornment, although he wears a simple gold cross around his neck—a vestige remnant of Catholicism—and, probably, challenge it, a small gold ring in his ear, which gives him a little gypsy flash.

When he is not working, Springsteen takes life easy and doesn't worry about it. "I'm not a planning-type guy," he says. "You can't count on nothing in this life. You never have expectations when I get involved in things. That way, I never have disappointments." His songs, which characterize as being mostly about survival, how to make it through the next day, are written in bursts. "I ain't one of the guys who feels guilty if he didn't write something today," he boasts. "That's all jive. I didn't do nothing all day, I feel great. Under all circumstances, he spins fiction in his lyrics and is careful to avoid writing directly about daily experience. "You

that," he cautions, "and this is what happens. First you write about struggling along. Then you write about making it professionally. Then somebody's nice to you. You write about that. It's a beautiful day, you write about that. That's about 20 songs in all. Then you're out. You got nothing to write."

Some things, however, must change. Southside Johnny recalls that after *Born to Run* was released, "we had a party one of the band members' houses. It was like old times. We drank and listened to old Sam and Dave albums. Then someone said my car had a flat tire. I went outside to check, and sitting in the street were all these people waiting to get a glimpse of Bruce, just sitting under the streetlights, not saying anything. I got nervous and went back inside."

These lampost vigilants, silent and deferential, were teenyboppers eager to squeal or fans looking for a fast autograph. As much as anything, they were all unofficial delegates of a generation acting on the truth of Springsteen's line from *Thunder Road*: "Show a little faith, there's magic in the night. Just at that doorstep, they found it. Growin' up."



REAL ROADHOUSE ROCK: SPRINGSTEEN & THE E STREET BAND

cough up \$50,000 to publicize the quote. Columbia's sudden recommitment caught Springsteen in a creative crisis. He and Appel had spent nine months in the studio and produced only one cut, *Born to Run*. The disparity between the wild reaction to his live performances and the more subdued, respectful reception of his records had to be cleared up. Landau soon signed on as co-producer of the new album and began to find out about some of the problems firsthand.

"Bruce works instinctively," Landau observes. "He is incredibly intense, and he concentrates deeply. Underneath his shyness is the strongest will I've ever encountered. If there's something he doesn't want to do, he won't." Springsteen would work most days from 3 p.m. to 6 a.m., and sometimes as long as 24 hours, without stopping. Only occasionally did things go quickly. For a smoky midnight song called *Meeting Across the River*, Springsteen just announced, "O.K., I hear a string bass, and I hear a trumpet," and, according to Landau, "that was it." Finally the album came together as real roadhouse rock, made proudly in that tradition. The sound is layered



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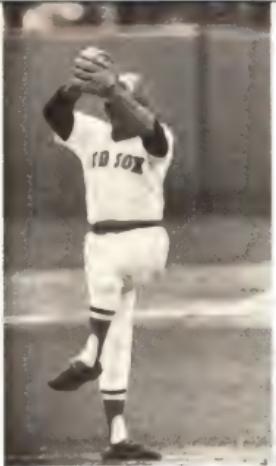
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**MONTGOMERY
WARD**



TIANT BAFFLING REDS

A Classic in Red

Bowie Kuhn, the Commissioner of Baseball, must have been a happy man last week. For the first time in four years, the World Series was not a stage for Kuhn's No. 1 nemesis, A's Owner Charlie Finley, and Oakland's annual post-season melodrama of clubhouse brawls and management-player disputes. Instead, baseball's show of shows was a tight, tense struggle between the Boston Red Sox and Cincinnati Reds. It even featured an old-fashioned flap over an umpire's call and an indeterminately aged Cuban pitcher with a penchant for cigars and dramatic performances.

Considering that one Series site was Boston's venerable Fenway Park, the kind of irregular and intimate bandbox where baseball got its start, the return to basics was appropriate. Advance scouts for both clubs, who had been observing the opposition teams since July, reported few weaknesses. The Reds were stacked with powerful hitters, high-octane speed, superb defense and one of the best bullpens in the game. The Red Sox entered the Series with equally potent hitting, nearly flawless defense and a pitcher named Luis Tiant. The Cuban right-hander, who claims to be 34 but is widely believed to be older, had won 76 games for Boston since it reclaimed him in 1971 from the minor leagues, where he had been abandoned as a washed-up fireballer. Cincinnati Scout Ray Shore warned his fellow Reds before the Series began: "There isn't anybody in our league or any other

league who pitches like Tiant."

The Reds discovered that in the first game. On a raw autumn day at Fenway, Tiant put on a one-man show. Though he was called for one balk on his pick-off move to first base, the wily pitcher more than made up for it by tossing a five-hit shutout. Twisting and turning on the mound like a particularly well-fed cobra, the portly Tiant mesmerized the Reds with his dizzying motion, then drove them to desperation with an improbable assortment of pitches and speeds, including a rainbow curve that seemed to take 30 seconds to reach the plate. As if his pitching were not enough, he also produced a hit—and some madcap base running that climaxed when, on the first pass, he missed home plate in trying to score a run. "I know I miss it," he said later with a grin. "But I don't want to hurry back. I want to come back easily. You know? I hope nobody sees me."

Cold Rain. The next day the Reds' batters did some more ineffectual swinging, this time at slow balls delivered by Bill Lee, a free-spirited lefty known as "the Spaceman." But just when it appeared that Lee and Boston were headed for a second victory, a cold rain stopped play for 27 minutes. By the time action resumed, Lee had lost his touch, and the Reds struck for two runs in the top of the ninth to win 3-2. They gratefully accepted the split. "We're lucky to get out of here with our lives," said Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson.

In Game 3 at Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium, it was Home Plate Umpire Larry Barnett who was lucky to get out alive. His crisis came with none out and a man on first in the bottom of the tenth inning; the score was tied 5-5. That was the moment when Reds Pinch Hitter Ed Armbrister bunted, hesitated as he started toward first, and then collid-

ed with Red Sox Catcher Carlton Fisk just as Fisk was trying to field the ball. Fisk pushed Armbrister aside, then threw the ball over second base into centerfield. Was his error caused by interference? If so, Armbrister was out and the runner would return to first. If not, the Reds had two men on base and nobody out.

Umpire Barnett ruled no interference. The play, he insisted, was an innocent collision. A few moments later, Joe Morgan singled in the winning run. The Red Sox were furious. Fumed Fisk: "It's a gawddamn shame to lose a gawddamn game because of that gawddamn call. I'm an infielder fielding the ball and he stands right in my way. If that's not interference, I'll—"

Indeed, the rulebook seems to support Boston's beef: section 7.09 (l) says unequivocally that a batter or runner should be called out automatically if "he fails to avoid a fielder who is attempting to field a batted ball."

With the argument still steaming, Tiant returned to the mound the next evening for his second appearance. Though his control was not as sharp as in the first game, and he had to work out of numerous Cincinnati threats, Tiant managed to earn his second victory cigar with a 5-4 win, which brought the Series even again.

Game 5 was the story of a young fastball pitcher and an aging power hitter.

The pitcher, Cincinnati Southpaw Don Gullett, 24, fired the ball with such velocity that he retired 16 consecutive Red Sox batters in one stretch. Meanwhile Reds First Baseman Tony Perez, 33, who had gone hitless in the Series, cracked two home runs over the leftfield wall. The final margin: Reds 6, Red Sox 2.

Saturday was an anticlimax for both teams. The Reds were going into Game 6 in Boston poised just one win from victory. The Red Sox, looking for their first series title in 57 years, were determined to force a seventh game. Instead of playing ball, though, the players had to watch rain splatter Fenway Park, and the game was postponed until Sunday.

DISPUTED PLAY: ARMBRISTER, FISK COLLIDING



PEREZ BELTING HOMER

Testing the Creed

One of the basic tenets of the feminist movement is that there are no important inherent differences between the sexes. That creed is being challenged on two fronts.

LEARNING: *Why Do Boys Do Better?* Six years ago, the Denver-based Education Commission of the States began a Government-financed study known as the National Assessment of Educational Progress. After analyzing tests given to nearly 900,000 students and young adults across the U.S., the commission's researchers concluded that men have a clear edge over women in most areas of academic achievement.

The commission's report shows that in science, mathematics, social studies and citizenship—four of the eight areas studied—the sexes are roughly equal at age 9. But by age 13, girls fall behind in these areas of study in a relative decline that continues through adolescence and into adulthood. In reading ability and knowledge of literature, girls are ahead of boys until age 17, but the same pattern of relative decline shows up as they grow older. Only in writing ability and music do females outperform males in later years.

Like some other studies, the National Assessment finds the male lead in mathematics "overwhelming." Nine-year-old girls do as well as boys in basic arithmetic but lag later in geometry and exercises dealing with measurement. Strangely, though girls can match boys in arithmetic and are better than boys

at reading, they do worse on "word problems" involving simple computations, such as determining the lowest price for a box of rice.

Dr. Roy H. Forbes, director of the study, believes the results reflect "subtle and not so subtle forces—both within the education system and society in general—that affect female education achievement."

SEX EQUALITY: *Are Women Really for It?* No, says Rutgers Anthropologist Lincoln Tiger. His new book *Women in the Kibbutz* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$10.95), written with Israeli Anthropologist Joseph Shepher, argues that traditional sex patterns are so strong they have even overwhelmed the declared ideology of sexual equality in Israel's rural collectives.

Tiger and Shepher analyzed women's roles and attitudes in two of the three nonreligious kibbutz federations in Israel. They found that few women choose careers in the "male" world, even though kibbutz rules free them from child-rearing responsibilities and economic dependence on husbands (kibbutz income is apportioned according to need). Men hold most jobs requiring physical labor and executive authority, while women gravitate to such "feminine" fields as teaching and clerical work. 80% of the kibbutz women say they are satisfied with the situation. Some 30% of the kibbutz members involved in political activity are women, but most are clustered in low-ranking jobs. "The higher the authority of an office or committee," the authors report, "the lower the percentage of women in it." One surprising development: traditional attitudes toward marriage, romance and the family have reasserted themselves in the kibbutzim. The authors say kibbutz women are dressing stylishly, buying cosmetics and even using a health-care plan to pay for pedicures. In one federation, 25 of 81 kibbutzim have yielded to female pressure and allowed children and parents to live together. From 1961 to 1972 the marriage rate rose 15%. Over the same period the kibbutz birth rate increased to 27.2 per thousand, well above the national level: more than half of married kibbutz women have three or more children.

Tiger and Shepher conclude that the "aggressive search for sexual equality" has failed, probably because most women do not want it. Feminists will argue that Tiger found what he wanted to find—he believes man's emergence as a hunter millions of years ago resulted in a sexual "biogrammar," a predisposition pushing most women toward child rearing and most men into aggressive tasks. Yet his research does suggest that whatever the reason, traditional sex roles are proving stubbornly resistant to change.

Male and Female

► Sex in the patrol car may be more than just a fantasy of policemen's wives in the growing number of cities using women cops on line duty. In Washington, D.C., Officer Peggy A. Jackson, 27, charges that it is practically a rule of the force that "you've got to make love to get a day off or make love to get a good beat." Washington's 4,200-member police department includes 333 women, about half of whom are assigned to patrol duty with men. No formal complaints have been filed, but D.C. Councilwoman Willie Hardy is investigating several verbal charges of sexual harassment. Though the U.S. Attorney's office has dropped the case for lack of evidence, the police department is investigating the alleged rape of a woman cop by a sergeant during a stakeout on an office building. All of which suggests that the life of a female on a big-city force is not quite as simple as that of Angie Dickinson on NBC's *Police Woman*. In fact, says D.C. Officer DeLores Henneghan, 21: "It's like Peyton Place."

► Israel's small but vocal band of about 400 active feminists is making an issue of local censorship of *Playgirl* magazine. Steimatzky's Agency, a Tel Aviv-based book and magazine distributor, gave up censoring female nudes in *Penthouse* a year ago, but it still insists on blacking out the male genitals in copies of *Playgirl*. Explains Proprietor Yechezkel Steimatzky, 75: "Everybody is used to nude women, but nude men are new on the Israeli market, and I am afraid it would upset the status quo." The feminists have filed a suit demanding an end to Steimatzky's emasculation of the magazine. Since Israel has no pornography law, the courts may well agree. Until the courts act, male employees at Steimatzky's Agency will dutifully wield their black-magic markers. Says he: "We wouldn't ask women to do it because it would be tasteless."

► Four years ago, an elderly convicted pimp appeared in a Seattle court for sentencing. Instead of sending him to the slammer, the judge ordered him to contribute \$3,000 to begin a scholarship fund for prostitutes who want to go to college. "One of the biggest hassles for a prostitute is getting the money for education," says Jennifer James, an anthropologist at the University of Washington and one of the trustees of the fund. "The only solution seems to be to go back to prostitution or deal with the bureaucracy, and I can see why a prostitute would find it easier to turn a trick than to take on the Department of Vocation." So far, five women have gone to college with the help of the fund.

WOMAN AT WORK IN KIBBUTZ DINING HALL



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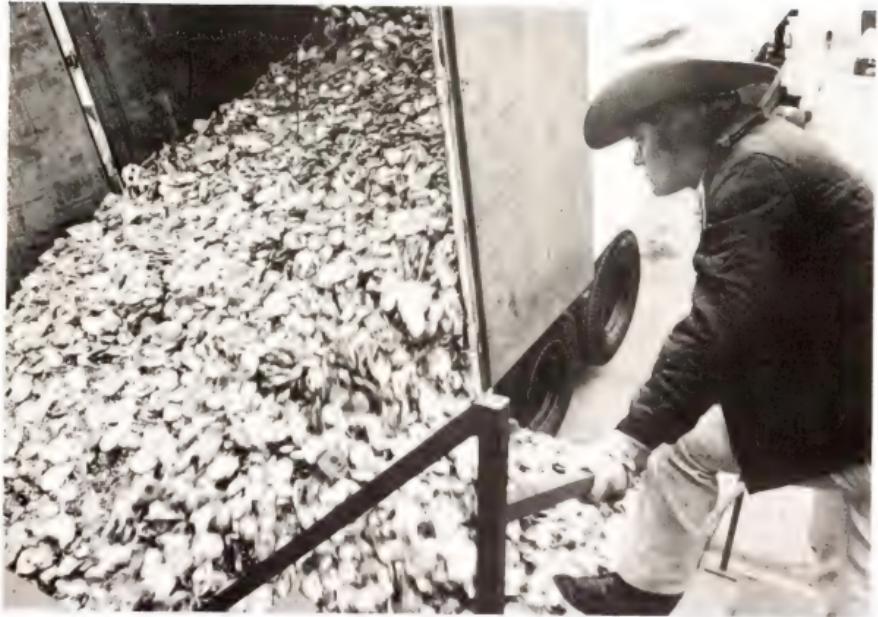
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Collections for recycling are expanding at an amazing rate all over the country—from 100 million cans in 1970 to over 2½ billion in 1974. And people are collecting cans for a very good reason: Since 1970, over 30 million dollars have been paid to the collecting public, and over 6 billion aluminum cans have been collected. The roundup has just begun.

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BANKING

Women Move Toward Credit Equality



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mean
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BY RUTHESDA HO

One of the least arguable contentions of the feminist movement is that a woman should be able to borrow as much money, and as easily, as a man of the same ability to repay. But women can cite many examples of pervasive discrimination against them in the granting of credit, such as these:

► Cynthia E. Harrison, a New Jersey woman, was turned down by Chase Manhattan Bank for a BankAmericard although she maintained a considerable balance in a savings account. Just two weeks later she got a form letter from the bank addressed to a sexually unidentifiable "C.E." Harrison, who was greeted as "Dear Preferred Customer" and offered a card.

► Mary King, of Washington, D.C., organized her own management consulting firm two years before she was married. Even so, her banker recently asked her to get the co-signature of her husband, who has nothing to do with the business, before he would grant a small loan.

► When Carol Faill returned to school at age 38 and won approval of a Pennsylvania government agency for a

state-insured college loan, she complimented her banker on his enlightened disregard for a husband's co-signature. "Oh," said the banker, "I didn't realize ..." Her husband had to co-sign.

Now prospects for the lessening of discrimination are brightening. A federal law banning sex bias in the granting of credit goes into effect next week, and last week the Federal Reserve Board published rules for enforcing it that are tougher than many creditors would have liked. Also last week a movement by women to organize their own banks and credit unions gained momentum when the long-delayed First Women's Bank opened in New York.

Strict Rules. Of the two developments, the pending enforcement of the Equal Credit Opportunity Act of 1974 is clearly the more important: the law applies to all banks, finance companies, credit-card issuers, department stores and other major lenders. Congress wrote the act in general terms and left it to the Federal Reserve to spell out just what lenders must do to comply (though

the act will be enforced mostly by the Federal Trade Commission). The Federal Reserve last April proposed a fairly strict set of rules but in response to protests from creditors came out in September with a greatly weakened set of regulations. That raised a howl from women, and in the final rules announced last week, they won back much of what they had lost.

Among other things, the regulations specify that lenders may not consider sex or marital status in judging an applicant's worthiness to receive credit and that wives who open accounts after Nov. 1, 1976 must be given credit ratings separate from those of their husbands. The rules flatly forbid lenders to ask a woman about her birth control practices or childbearing plans—an intrusive procedure that has been declining in frequency but still exists. Also, as of Jan. 31, a lender who refuses credit must, when asked, tell the would-be borrower why. This point had been eliminated altogether from the September regulations.

The activist National Organization for Women (NOW) said it was "generally pleased" with the new rules. None-

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

theless, women's groups still have some reservations. They are disappointed that the new rules do not force a lender to spell out reasons for refusing credit in writing, but permit it to be done orally. If a creditor had to write out reasons for turning down a loan, feminists point out, he would be answerable in court for a flimsy excuse. Some feminists also wonder how vigorously the law will be enforced. Recently, several states have passed fair-credit laws, but, complains Carole De Saram, president of the New York chapter of NOW, "all the banks did was to become a little more sophisticated in turning down credit."

Consequently, many women still believe they need their own financial institutions. In the past two years, about a dozen credit unions operated primarily by and for women have been started around the country; at least six more are scheduled to open in the next few months. The oldest, the Feminist Federal Credit Union in Detroit, was chartered in August 1973 with 50 accounts totaling \$20,000; today it has 2,600 members and deposits of \$580,000. Generally, the credit unions accept deposits from and make loans to members of feminist organizations—including some men.

The First Women's Bank, which opened in the Manhattan premises once occupied by the swank restaurant Le Pavillon, is a more ambitious undertaking. It has raised an initial capitalization of \$3 million from some 7,000 stockholders across the country, mostly women; some were so enthusiastic that they sent in long typewritten lists of potential customers. The bank is headed by President Madeline McWhinney, 53, a banker's daughter from Denver who was once an assistant vice president of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. A dozen or so other women's banks are being organized around the country; one in Los Angeles and another in San Diego expect to open before year's end.

No Favor. Officers of the bank and the credit unions insist that they apply sound commercial standards in granting or refusing credit. "No women will get loans just because they are women," says McWhinney. "If she cannot repay it, it doesn't do her or the bank a favor to give her the money." McWhinney hopes, however, to show that women are capable of handling credit.

Already, there are signs that conventional banks and financial institutions are becoming more responsive to women's needs. For example, under the motto "Women Mean Business," the State National Bank of Maryland has opened a special women's branch in Bethesda, including a small nursery where mothers can leave their children while chatting with loan officers, and E.F. Hutton, a big Manhattan brokerage house, is conducting special seminars for women investors. All together, women seem to be making major strides in winning financial equality with men—but they still have a long way to go.



CUSTOMERS INSPECTING AMERICAN MOTORS PACER IN A CONNECTICUT SHOWROOM

OUTLOOK

A Pickup in Momentum

By now, it is scarcely news that the economy is climbing out of recession; but last week brought fresh evidence that the recovery, at least for the moment, is proceeding faster than expected and some of the darkest clouds hanging over it are dispersing. The signs:

► The Federal Reserve Board cut bank reserve requirements, in effect allowing banks to increase their loans to consumers and businessmen by about \$2 billion. The action will help calm money markets that had been nervous about the W.T. Grant Co. bankruptcy and the continuing financial woes of New York City. It is also an unmistakable sign that the board is easing its recent tightened monetary policy, and will let the nation's money supply grow enough at least to hit its own announced target of 5% to 7½% a year. That, in turn, should ease fears that high interest rates will choke off the recovery: last week Southwest Bank of St. Louis cut its prime rate on business loans from 8% to 7½%.

► Industrial production in September rose 1.9% above August, to 116.2% of the 1967 average. That is the largest gain for any month in almost eleven years. Steel, chemicals and other heavy industries led the advance, rising more than 3%; output of consumer goods gained a more modest 0.9%.

► Trade and manufacturing inventories increased \$1.3 billion in August, after a drop of nearly \$8 billion between January and July. While some further depletion in total business stocks is still possible this fall, the August figures indicate that businessmen have worked off most of the enormous stocks of unsold goods that had been dragging down production in late 1974 and early 1975, and they are now swinging from inventory cutting to inventory rebuilding.

► Total sales of all businesses climbed 1.7% from July to August: 0.3% for retailers, 1.3% for wholesalers, 2.7%

for manufacturers. The August gain totaled \$2.9 billion, or more than twice as much as inventories increased. That means the ratio of inventories to sales declined. To keep this key ratio from dropping too far, businessmen may have to build up their stockpiles faster if sales remain strong. The new orders should give a further boost to production.

► Sales of new cars jumped 12.7% above a year ago during the first ten days of October, only the second time this year that auto sales have run ahead of 1974. American Motors reported a 25.3% increase; General Motors 16.7%; Ford 15.7%; only Chrysler showed a decline (of 14%). More significant, the period was the first during which nearly all 1976 car models were available to buyers; the sales gain indicated that price increases averaging roughly \$200 on '76 cars are not turning off would-be buyers to anything like the extent that price boosts of about \$450 on the '75s did twelve months ago. Last fall slumping sales at the start of the 1975-model run gave an early signal that what had been a mild recession was turning into a nosedive; this year climbing sales at the start of the new auto model-year could be a sign that recovery is gaining more strength than was foreseen.

► As a kind of grand finale to all the signs of quickening, White House officials indicated that real gross national product—total output of goods and services, discounted to remove the effects of price increases—grew at an annual rate of roughly 10% during the third quarter. Official preliminary estimates will be released this week. During the second quarter, the first in which faint signs of recovery were visible, real G.N.P. rose at an annual rate of 1.9%; in the first quarter, the bottom of the recession, it plunged at an annual rate of 11.4%.

None of last week's signs dispelled the fear of some economists that the recovery will run out of steam in mid-1976. But the indicators at least proved that right now the recovery is for real.



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This dynamic growth has been made possible through the investment of billions of dollars, under our free enterprise system, for land, buildings, beds and personnel by both taxpaying and non-profit homes.

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America's long term health care facilities are trying to provide enough beds for those who need them, but it's difficult. Nursing homes are complex institutions, not just buildings. The nation's nursing home owners and administrators must plan to serve as many as 900,000 additional residents by 1980 while continuing to improve the care given in existing facilities.

There are waiting lists. We're working to



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Learn how the need for nursing care is met in your community. Contact your state Nursing Home Association or Health Care Association for information. Ask your legislators to support the continuation and growth of quality nursing homes under the free enterprise system.

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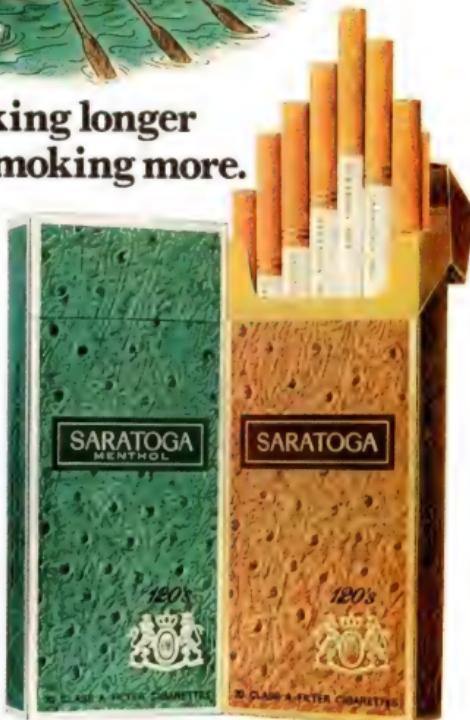
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CANADA

Opting for Controls

Campaigning in last year's national election, Canada's Liberal Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau scorned his Conservative opponents for advocating "rigid and cumbersome" wage and price controls to slow inflation. Last week, in a Nixon-like about-face, Trudeau announced that he will clamp selective controls on the Canadian economy. In a 20-minute nationwide radio and television address, he called for an 8% ceiling on wage increases and a freeze on nearly all prices—they will be permitted to rise only enough to cover increased production costs. To enforce these restraints, an 18-member review board will be created; it will monitor 1,500 companies and large industrial and public-employee unions, and will have the power to go to court to demand fines and even prison terms for offending corporate and union officials. For political reasons, the Prime Minister refused to use the word controls; he labeled his plan an "attack on inflation." But he left little doubt that it is a strict economic policy. Canadians, warned Trudeau, "are going to have to swallow some strong medicine."

Trudeau's sudden turnaround is a clear admission that the milder medicine he championed during the 1974 election campaign has failed. Although the government has urged business and labor to hold down price and wage hikes voluntarily, inflation in 1975 has run at a discouraging compound annual rate of 12.7%, and government economists have predicted that it could reach 16% by year's end. Wage increases have averaged almost 19% yearly—twice the U.S. rate—even though more than 7% of the work force is unemployed. Moreover, Canada has been plagued by more work stoppages than any major industrialized country except strike-happy Italy, and experts lately have worried that without controls the situation could grow worse. The postal workers, for example, last week threatened to shut down mail service for the seventh time in two years unless Canada Post gives in to their demand for a 71% pay and benefits hike. Large U.S. corporations with subsidiaries in Canada, such as American Can Co., have warned that new plants may be built in the U.S. instead of across the border if Canadian industrial wages keep rising above U.S. levels.

Dangerously Close. Meanwhile, in their zeal to boost profits, many corporations have raised prices of manufactured goods to levels that are dangerously close to being noncompetitive in world markets. As a result, Canada's drive to export more machinery, elec-

tronic equipment and other finished goods—a cornerstone of its economic policy—is faltering. The nation imported \$9 billion more in manufactured goods than it exported last year; that deficit may well climb above \$10 billion in 1975.

Confronted by these myriad economic woes, Trudeau last week felt he had little choice but to opt for controls. Scarcely a month ago, popular Finance Minister John Turner focused public attention on the issue when he gave up trying to win support for voluntary wage-price restraints and quit the Liberal Cabinet. His replacement, former Energy Minister Donald Macdonald, was promptly handed two choices by ministry staffers: an outright 90-day freeze on all wages and prices, plus other rigid measures—the policy advocated by the Conservatives—or a program of selective controls combined with cutbacks in federal spending. Macdonald and Trudeau chose the latter, partly to avoid the embarrassment of taking over the opposition's program completely.

The Trudeau-Macdonald plan is



PRIME MINISTER PIERRE TRUDEAU
Time to swallow bitter medicine.

aimed at cutting inflation to 4% in three years, but it plainly faces formidable obstacles. It covers less than 50% of Canada's work force, exempts key industries such as agriculture and fishing, and is opposed by the powerful Canadian Labor Congress. Moreover, it permits wage boosts up to 12% for workers who have been unable to catch up with past increases in the cost of living. To be effective, it will clearly need strong support from the frequently independent-minded governments of the nation's ten provinces. In addition, it is markedly different from the economic policy being pursued in the U.S. That is a potential stumbling block because Canada's economy and currency are closely linked to the U.S.'s. In the past, Ottawa has rarely been successful in pushing major policies that are totally at variance with Washington.

SCANDALS

Jobless Insecurity

When Chicago Plumber Eugene Quinn, 44, was laid off from his \$8-\$10-an-hour construction job a year ago, he thought he could count on \$98-a-week unemployment compensation, to which the Illinois Bureau of Employment Security said he was entitled. But for five months the IBES failed to send him so much as a dime. Since his wife Mary Anne's earnings as a file clerk do not cover much more than food for the family of five, the Quinns' electricity and phone bills went unpaid, and both services were cut off. Finally, on Aug. 8, Quinn got checks for \$1,938 of the \$3,212 that the IBES owed him. Since then, there has been nothing—though Quinn makes weekly trips to the bureau to ask for his money. "All they tell me is to come back in seven to 14 days," he says.

Unfortunately, Quinn is not alone in his anguish; thousands of other jobless Illinoisans also have been kept waiting to get their benefit checks for inexcusably long periods. Just how many cannot be counted, since the IBES has been no more efficient at keeping track of how far behind it is than at handing out the money. But in August only 46.8% of Illinois jobless got their first checks within 28 days of filing a claim—the standard laid down by the U.S. Department of Labor. By contrast, 80% of the jobless in New York and Ohio, and 88% in California, got their first checks on time.

Repossessed Cars. Each day some 40 to 50 desperate people telephone "Call for Action," a national public-interest program broadcast in Chicago by radio station WIND, to complain that they are not getting unemployment-compensation checks to which they are entitled. Some tell stories of having cars repossessed or heat cut off; others plead for aid in getting emergency food. Says Illinois Republican Senator Charles Percy: "It's the biggest snafu I've ever seen." He calls the IBES "the Bureau of Employment Insecurity."

A 240-page report issued by the Labor Department, and a later preliminary state audit investigation, pinned the blame for the IBES's bad performance mostly on poor management. The findings read like a horror story in bland bureaucratic prose: employees confused about their responsibilities and shifted from job to job so frequently that they never learned their jobs; a near absence of planning; managers unaware of how many staffers they could hire; offices that were unclean and unsafe; chronic shortages of supplies; employees "indulging in frequent coffee breaks, extended lunch periods and early departures." Worst of all, the state study found, the IBES was still using computer programs written twelve years ago for less complex machines than it now owns. Says John Day, an auditor for the state leg-



LOOKING UP A COMPENSATION CLAIM

Inexcusably long delays have caused some to lose their cars, others to plead for emergency food.

istature: "The bureau is making a sophisticated computer behave like it was built in 1957."

Late last month Bureau Administrator Christopher Nugent and his Commissioner of Unemployment Insurance, Billie Paige, resigned. The IBES is now headed by Lawrence Richardson, a veteran manager, who pledges to speed up the payment of checks. The state also has announced an eight-point reform program, including the hiring of more clerks to process claims, partly in response to an order from Federal Judge Thomas R. McMillen; he presided over a case brought by Chicago's Legal Assistance Foundation, which claimed that the unemployed were being deprived of their right to prompt compensation payments. Meanwhile, Eugene Quinn is still waiting for another check.

CRIME

The Film Clippers

It sounds like a story out of the Hollywood of 60 years or so ago: entrepreneurs operating with little more than a few thousand dollars worth of equipment and some space in a garage make fortunes distributing movies all over the world. In the cinema business of 1975, however, the people who fit this description are not producers but pirates, who steal prints of popular films and copy them for illegal sale.

In recent years dozens of bootleggers have been collecting up to \$500 million annually that should have gone to major studios in legitimate film rentals. The pirates have also become increasingly brazen. While the \$14 million disaster thriller *Towering Inferno* was still in production last year, a San Diego movie theater was showing a 90-minute pirated version put together from prints of individual scenes (the full movie takes 165 minutes to play). On a recent visit to Tel Aviv, two associates of Sam Arkoff, chairman of American International Pictures, to their amazement spotted his film, *The Masque of the Red Death*, playing in a downtown cinema. Exclaimed



UNEMPLOYED WORKERS APPLYING FOR BENEFITS IN CHICAGO

Arkoff: "We have never made a distribution deal in Israel." Some pirates even advertise openly in catalogues such as *The Big Reel*, published in North Carolina, and *The Film Collector*, printed in Houston.

Piracy is an amazingly effortless business. Studios never sell prints of their films, and even make their own actors sign strict loan agreements before they are allowed to borrow films for their own collections. Robert Young testified in a recent piracy trial that he got possession of prints of only two of the 125 movies he made during a 40-year career. Nonetheless, the pirates can easily get prints by bribing or stealing from lab technicians, theater projectionists, members of student and religious groups who rent films, truckers who deliver the prints to theaters, and even the people licensed by the studios to destroy worn-out films.

Until now, too, the pirates have had little fear of being caught, or being penalized much if they were. The basic U.S. copyright law was drafted in 1909 to protect the printed word and was seldom enforced against electronic banditry. Federal law makes it only a misdemeanor to sell stolen films unless they are sent across state lines or abroad and the shipment is worth more than \$5,000, so pirates found it profitable to keep selling pirated films and treat as nuisance taxes the small fines that might result.

Suspected Pirates. Currently, however, Chet Brown, the Assistant U.S. Attorney in Los Angeles, and the major studios are starting a crackdown. Studios like 20th Century-Fox have assigned attorneys full time to film security, and the Motion Picture Association has hired two ex-FBI agents to staff a round-the-clock security office. Last spring Brown, working with the help of the FBI, which conducted more than 100 searches of suspected pirates for stolen prints, got indictments against 16 of them. Last month a Los Angeles jury convicted Budget Films, Inc. of selling stolen prints, including those of *Paper Moon* and *Porney's Complaint*, to collectors and theaters in South Africa. Fines against the company and two

of its owners could total \$46,000, the two face jail sentences that add up to 41 years each.

Brown says that the conviction be a "tremendous deterrent" to future pirates. Studio executives hope he is but are not too sure. They note apprehensively that new home video-tape equipment that can copy films bootleg cassettes could make piracy easier—if a bit less polished—than ever.

CORPORATIONS

Bibles in the Board Room

He [Jesus Christ] picked up men from the bottom ranks of bus and forged them into an organization that conquered the world.

—Bruce Barton, *The Man Who Knew*

Like Barton, Lawrence A. Goshorn believes in the organizational efficacy of religious zeal. Indeed, Goshorn, chairman of a minicomputer manufacturing company named General Automation, Inc., of Anaheim, Calif., months ago called together 1,000 employees to tell them he was becoming General Automation to C. Goshorn, a Southern Baptist who was sitting in his front yard one evening in 1969 when he quietly declared Jesus, read a Bible passage as his people to "turn from their ways" (*II Chronicles 7: 14*). Some startled crowd recall him saying, "My company is now in God's hands." Executive wondered if Goshorn "wiggled out." In fact, behind Goshorn's sudden move lay a convoluted top-board-room intrigue and a business slump that the chief's faith has yet to reverse.

Goshorn, a computer engineer, a fellow entrepreneur, Burton A. 44, founded the company in 1968 for \$70,000. Sales leaped from \$600,000 in 1968 to \$61.4 million in the fiscal year ended July 31, 1974, and company officials were predicting \$200 million in 1978. But in 1972 Yale left because

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

heart attack and family problems, and in early 1974 Goshorn resigned as president (though he remained chairman) because overwork was ruining his 21-year-old marriage.

But the new president, Raymond J. Noorda, proved unable to market successfully computers that contained a highly sophisticated "silicon on sapphire" (SOS) semiconductor chip. The chip, designed by G.A., dramatically reduced the size of the machines, but Rockwell International, which produced five prototype computers for G.A., could not make them standard for regular production. Sales slumped, and by the end of calendar 1974 the company was running at a loss. Noorda persuaded Goshorn to resume active direction of G.A. at year's end, when Goshorn's wife finally left him. This time Goshorn brought back his old partner, Bert Yale, as an active director to run subsidiaries. Up to that point, Yale had shown no interest in religion and Goshorn had rarely talked about his faith within the company. But Goshorn soon introduced Yale to Melodyland Christian Center, a school and meeting place near company headquarters. Suddenly Yale shed 40 pounds, shaved off his beard and tacked up 22 religious pictures in his office.

Study Meetings. Both converts began proselytizing all over the plant. They suggested that executives read daily from Scriptures and hold weekly Bible study meetings in the board room; they even ordered that a secretary be fired for dating a disgruntled minority shareholder who Yale thought was "possessed by demons." On one occasion Yale came upon two engineers trying to heal an ailing computer. Says Yale: "I placed my hands on the computer, made a silent prayer and asked God to give the engineers insight to fix the computer." Yale claims that it started up.

The climax came at a board meeting in August, when the exasperated Noorda resigned as president and four of the seven board members in turn tried to kick out Goshorn and Yale. The zealous duo sued to a local court for an injunction against the board's action. At the next board session, Yale in a prayer asked his opponents to resign. Says Goshorn with a cherubic smile: "They probably thought Burt had flipped out." In fact, Noorda, four outside directors and six of the company's top ten salesmen—some of them Jews upset by the stress on fundamentalist Christianity—quickly departed, shattering morale at the plant. Since then Goshorn and Yale have been in full control, but their pety has yet to bring the company any material reward. General Automation, which lost about \$4 million in fiscal 1975, v. a \$4 million profit in fiscal 1974, has seen the price of its stock plunge dizzyingly from a 1973 high of 54 1/2 to 4% this year, and rumors are beginning to spread that the company may be facing a takeover by outsiders.

ENTERTAINMENT

Married. Freddie Prinze, 21, the self-described Hungarian (half Hungarian, half Puerto Rican) comic who plays the cheeky Chicano garage attendant on TV's top-rated *Chico and the Man*, and Kathy Cochran, 23, a Jackson Hole, Wyo., travel agent he met on a ski trip last spring, both for the first time; in Las Vegas

Died. Jacques Charon, 55, leading actor and director for 34 years at the Comédie Française, France's internationally renowned classical theater; of a heart attack; in Paris. With his pudgy, infinitely elastic face and unerring sense of comic misunderstanding, Charon was a standout onstage. One awed critic, reviewing his performance as Sganarelle in Molière's *Don Juan*, observed that he could command a scene even when he was "simply standing onstage and watching." As a director, he could bring off the most frantic Feydeau farce with clockwork-perfect timing, achieving maximum impact.

Died. Kay Daly Leslie, 55, hard-driving, creative adwoman behind most of Revlon, Inc.'s campaigns for 25 years, who helped build the huge U.S. cosmetics industry; of cancer of the pancreas; in Manhattan. Reared in Wisconsin, Daly crashed male-dominated Madison Avenue in the early 1950s when as an agency copywriter she drew up Revlon's famous "Fire and Ice" campaign. It brought sex appeal to the selling of lipstick and nail polish and made Daly indispensable to Revlon. Later she became vice president and creative director of the company, where (at \$100,000 plus) she was one of the nation's highest-salaried women.

Died. Charles ("Swede") Risberg, 81, one of eight Chicago White Sox players accused of throwing the 1919 World Series to the Cincinnati Reds in the celebrated "Black Sox" scandal; in Red Bluff, Calif. After the best-of-nine series, which the underdog Reds won 5-3, several White Sox players told a Chicago grand jury that they had intentionally played poorly after gamblers plied them with bribes (up to \$10,000) and threatened their families. A trial jury later acquitted eight players, including Shortstop Risberg and Outfielder Joe "Say it ain't so, Joe" Jackson, of conspiracy charges, but Baseball Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis suspended them from the game for life. Risberg retired to his Minnesota dairy farm to brood. Six years later, he decided to try to sweep the slate clean with a declaration that he and other White Sox players had paid Ty Cobb's Detroit Tigers to "slough off" a Labor Day series that allowed Chicago to clinch the 1917 American League pennant.



DIANA ROSS IN MAHOGANY

CINEMA

Black-and-Tan Fantasy

MAHOGANY

Directed by BERRY Gordy

Screenplay by JOHN BYRUM

So it shouldn't be a total loss. *Mahogany* contains one pearl: a romantic interlude between Diana Ross and Anthony Perkins. Ross appears as Tracy, a poor girl from the Chicago ghetto who has made it big as a model in Rome. Perkins plays Sean, a former combat correspondent who has made it big as a fashion photographer. Sean's sexuality remains moot through much of the film—until the moment when he forces a chatty Tracy down on a bed and mutters, "I understand the needs of a woman."

Cut to next scene: a tight closeup of Perkins lying wide-eyed and morose, staring at the ceiling. Ross raises herself on one elbow and consoles him with the hollow reassurance of a nurse returning doom-laden X rays. "Don't worry," she sighs, "it's not the most important thing in the world."

The equally unimportant *Mahogany*, blatantly concocted as a sequel to Miss Ross's success in *Lady Sings the Blues*, owes a great deal to John Schlesinger's *Darling* (1965). Indeed, its debt is so considerable that Perkins, who performs with wit, takes to addressing Miss Ross as "D-a-r-r-l-i-n-g," stretching the syllables to the breaking point. Miss Ross, however, is not Julie Christie. She may be more persuasive as the fictive Tracy than as the authentic Billie Holiday. But she remains an uneasy actress

DIRECTOR GORDY & ROSS WORKING TOGETHER ON SET OF *Mahogany*DIRECTOR BERRY GORDY
Success without love is nothing.

who pushes everything past endurance—including the audience. Ross laughs eagerly but never with a semblance of spontaneity, weeps without sorrow and rages without passion.

Movies as frantically bad as *Mahogany* can be enjoyed on at least one level—the spectacle of a lot of people making fools of themselves. The film marks the directorial debut of Berry Gordy, the Motown Records whiz, who has slapped scenes together as if he were laying down tracks for an album: one fast, one slow, one happy, one sad, one up, one down. Gordy has also permitted Miss Ross to

design her own wardrobe, a series of costumes apparently inspired by some Oriental version of *Star Trek*.

The movie comes down hard on the notion of its heroine's overweening ambition and demonstrates that a good girl has no time for all those fancy European airs when she could be back in the ghetto, helping her man (the agreeable Billy Dee Williams) win political office. For *Mahogany*, that kind of moral—cynical, and wholly bogus—is the perfect clincher.

Jay Cocks

Whatever the critics say about *Mahogany*—and they have few compliments—the film has just broken Broadway theater records held by *Jaws* and *The Godfather*. The receipts have made Berry Gordy Jr., 45, the most powerful new director in the business. That power derives from his triple role as founder, chairman and 95% owner of Motown Industries.

The company was founded in 1960, shortly after Gordy quit the Ford assembly line in Detroit. The ex-professional featherweight boxer started with \$800 borrowed from his father, a Georgia-born plasterer. Motown grossed \$48 million last year on the combined earnings of its record label, one of the country's largest music-publishing companies, an artists' management concern and a TV and movie production arm whose only previous theatrical release was the immensely profitable *Lady Sings the Blues*, also starring Gordy's close friend and protégée Diana Ross.

Director Gordy arranged his debut by talking the producer of *Mahogany*—one Berry Gordy—into firing Tony Richardson (*Tam Jones*) ten days after shooting began. Richardson complained Producer-Critic-Sociologist Gordy, was "losing all the subtleties" of ghetto life and humor. The not-so-subtleties were supplied—at inflationary prices. Did Ross, doubling as her own clothes designer, require more yard goods and seamstresses to realize her visions? She got them. Did the film maker require an outdoor theater for a few atmospheric shots? He hired the 17th century theater at Spoleto for a week and transported the whole cast and crew thither in pursuit of the desired images. Was the script not quite right? Gordy took pen in hand and wrote the line that he says encapsulates *Mahogany*'s philosophical essence: "Success is nothing without someone you love to share it with." Such creativity sent *Mahogany* \$1.25 million over its original \$2.5 million budget.

White Listeners. One should not dismiss too lightly any of the director's musings on success. It is one subject that he knows all about. Students of the Motown sound have long contended that it was Gordy's basic gimmick—the smoothing and packaging of rhythm and blues—that drew white listeners to his label. Essentially, he applied the same formula to his profitable production of *Lady Sings the Blues*, turning the hard life and times of Singer Billie Holiday into a muzzy backstage love story. It is also what happens in *Mahogany*. "I wanted to bring the same romantic feeling that movies used to have," says Gordy.

Gordy is disdainful of all criticism, personal and professional. The harsh reviews? They are merely "attacks on an uppity black." As for frequent rumors that Motown is Mob financed, Gordy counters: "We have a choice of suing people for such stories or ignoring them." Employee resentment over his dictatorial managerial style is not so easily dismissed. "If I ever wrote a book," says one Motown staffer, "I'd call it *God Is on Extension 274*—that's Berry's."

God does not often give at the office. His official address is the old Red Skelton estate in Bel Air, which features a rock pool stocked with exotic fish, an aviary full of rare birds, peacocks and llamas stalking the lawn. But the twice-divorced Gordy is frequently on the move, traveling under an assumed name. Last week, under the nom d'entrepreneur D. Thompson, he barely paused in mid-career to count himself "pleased" with having made a woman's picture at a time when male stars dominate the screen. He does admit to being "thrilled" by *Mahogany*'s fast getaway at the box office. As ever, Berry Gordy's emotional highs seem to stem less from the heart than from the bottom line of his all-black ledger.

CINEMA**Second Time Around****LET'S DO IT AGAIN**Directed by SIDNEY POITIER
Screenplay by RICHARD WESLEY

Sidney Poitier and Bill Cosby, amiable enough fellows in last year's *Uptown Saturday Night*, were not so memorable that anyone would want to meet them again, especially as soon as this. But the same Poitier-Cosby characters are on view in *Let's Do It Again*, another comedy full of tired jokes and fair-high spirits.

This time Poitier plays an Atlanta milkman named Clyde. Cosby is his best pal, a factory worker called Billy. With their wives, they take a weekend's jaunt to New Orleans, where they hope to raise money for the Sons and Daughters of Shaka, their ailing lodge back home. Their scheme does not promise success—or an especially funny movie: they hypnotize an emaciated, canvas-backed middleweight contender named Bootney Farnsworth (Jimmie Walker) to give him inner and outer strength. Then they put their money on the unlikely pug to beat a nasty pro named 40th Street Black. The odds are long, but Poitier's hypnotic skills are considerable. Bootney flattens the champ in the first round. The boys clean up.

If this sounds like the end of the movie, bear in mind that its title is *Let's Do It Again*. The whole caper is recycled: Poitier and Cosby are hauled back to New Orleans by Kansas City Mack (John Amos) and his boys, who feel they got bilked and want to work the same ploy on a rival gambler named Biggie Smalls (Calvin Lockhart). Now this is not a movie with jokes to spare. By the time Poitier and Cosby have rerun their plot, the meager supply has been totally exhausted. So has the audience.

J.C.

A Bintel Brief**HESTER STREET**Directed and Written by
JOAN MICKLIN SILVER

It is a question of scale. *Hester Street* about the lives of some Jewish immigrants in New York of 1896, is what is commonly considered a "little movie." Specifically, this means a film made with little money, cast with unfamiliar actors and confined to a narrow scope. The customary response to little movies is the halfhearted, affectionate encouragement bestowed on a distant relative who wants to go into show business. Rather than making a virtue of its modesty, however, *Hester Street* trades on it. The movie demands to be liked for its good intentions.

Director-Writer Joan Silver, who used to produce educational shorts and is making her feature debut, has a palpable affection for her characters and a passion for period detail. She has made

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41 MPG ON THE HIGHWAY. 29 MPG IN THE CITY.*



1976 Datsun B-210 Hatchback

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Datsun's durability is nothing new. You probably passed three or four Datsun 510s today like the mellow '69 shown here. Of all Datsuns sold in this country for the past 16 years, 9 out of 10 are still on the road!

We make sure Datsuns last by building in durability features not found on many comparable cars. Example: Aluminum heads

dissipate heat faster and contribute more to engine life than do cast iron heads. Datsuns have aluminum heads. Example: Unibody construction is more rattle-free and durable than bolt-on construction. Datsun cars have unibody. Example: 60 Amp/Hr. batteries give more dependable starts than 45 or 50 Amp/Hr. Datsuns come with 60 Amp/Hr. batteries. We could go on and on.

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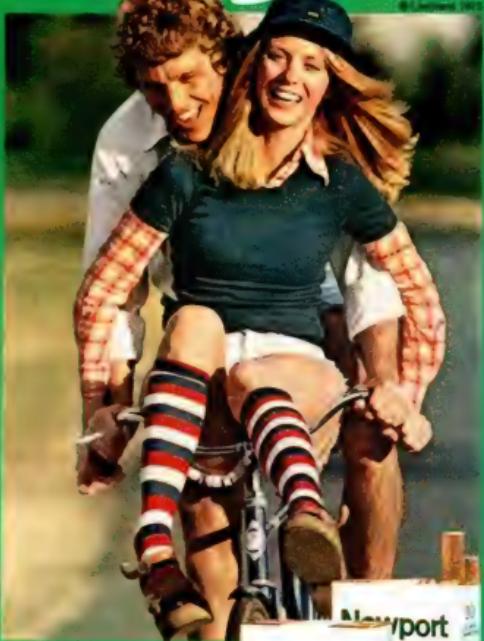


1969 Datsun 510

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if smoking isn't
a pleasure,
why bother?*



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1.5 mg nicotine av per cigarette.
FTC Report Apr. '75.

CINEMA

excellent use of limited resources, kept much of the dialogue in Yiddish (translated in subtitles) and evoked a persuasive sense of the past. Indeed, Silver has little trouble with her "little movie's" practical problems. It is quite another kind of challenge that confounds her.

The script, adapted from a period novel called *Yekl* by Abraham Cahan, concerns a small group of transplanted Jews painfully adjusting to the promised city. Yekl (Steven Keats) now calls himself Jake, works in a sweatshop and courts Mamie (Dorrie Kavanaugh), an actress of spirited sensuality. He takes in a boarder, a subdued former Yeshiva student named Bernstein (Mel Howard), and prepares for the coming of his wife Gittl (Carol Kane) and infant son from the old country. Jake is not exhilarated



KEATS & KANE IN HESTER STREET
Trials in the promised city.

by their arrival. They remind him of an older life now past; more important, he cannot break Mamie's erotic spell.

It is in Jake's story that the trials and compromises of assimilation are most easily perceived. But Writer-Director Silver gives as much attention to Bernstein and Gittl, even to Mamie, and so loses her central conflict. Most crucially, she is unable to resolve the basic emotional dilemma of Jake's confusion. It cannot simply be the new country and Jake's urgency to be part of it that turns him away from his wife and from tradition. Yet that is all the motivation Silver supplies him. It is just this shortsightedness, this emotional skimpiness, that makes *Hester Street* a truly "little movie." It is not a matter of size, really, but of depth.

J.C.

The Astronomer In the Engine Room

The U.S. Naval Observatory needed a new survey of Jupiter's moons as a navigational aid for future space probes. To assemble the vital data, it turned not to a top-ranking astronomer but to an unassuming Caltech research associate who had no Ph.D., had published no papers and had no other academic achievements to his name. "I know nothing about astrophysics or electrodynamics," says Charles Kowal, 34. "All I'm good at is using a telescope."

Topsy-Turvy Life. As the Naval Observatory was well aware, that was more than good enough. Last year in the course of his survey with the big 48-in. Schmidt telescope atop California's Palomar mountain, Kowal discovered Jupiter's 13th moon, the first new satellite to be found in the solar system in eight years. So it was not exactly a surprise to Naval Observatory astronomers when Kowal repeated his triumph by discovering the 14th Jovian satellite, a moonlet only a few miles in diameter. "It's not like the discovery of Ameri-

ca," Kowal insists. "It's more like the discovery of Catalina Island."

Not quite. Finding so tiny an object at such great distance (400 million miles) demanded extraordinary perseverance and precision. "I wake up and eat breakfast with the moon," says Kowal of his topsy-turvy life at Palomar. "Dinner comes at midnight and lunch is at 5 a.m." Before exposing each photographic plate in the telescope, he baked the film for five hours in a nitrogen-filled oven to make it highly sensitive. Afterward, he sat eight to ten hours at a stretch in a darkened room before a device called a blink microscope. One after another, in rapid succession, the microscope gave him glimpses of two plates, each showing the same section of sky at different times. When a speck on one of the star-filled pictures seemed to move against the background of "fixed" stars as the device shifted back and forth, the change indicated the presence of a moving object in the solar system—an asteroid, comet or, in Kowal's case, a Jovian moon.

Kowal has been infatuated with astronomy since, as a six-year-old in Buffalo, he read a book titled *The Stars in*



MOON-HUNTER KOWAL
Breakfasting with the moon.

Myth and Fact. Soon he was building his own telescopes out of pieces of pipe, cardboard, tubing and home-ground mirrors. After graduating from the University of Southern California in 1961, he decided to apply to Caltech's astronomy department for a job; he had no taste for graduate studies. Explains Kowal: "I enjoy learning things, but a university is the last place in the world to learn anything."

As his first assignment at Palomar, which is owned by Caltech, Kowal searched for supernovas—the greatest stellar explosions that mark the death of

Ten More Nobelmen for 1975

Continuing the roll call of the 1975 Nobel Prizes, Sweden's Karolinska Institutet and Royal Academy of Sciences last week named ten winners (left to right, below), four of them Americans, in four different areas of science. Prizes in each category total \$143,000.

PHYSIOLOGY OR MEDICINE: Renato Dulbecco, 61, Howard Temin, 40, and David Baltimore, 37

Before discoveries made by this trio, doctors knew that viruses could enter a cell, seize control of its machinery and force it to reproduce copies of the viral invaders. Dulbecco, an Italian now working in London, demonstrated that the invaded cell's descendants showed the influence of the viral genes as well as its own. Temin, of the University of Wisconsin, and Baltimore, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, shattered what had been the central dogma of genetics: the belief that the master molecule DNA always passed information along to the messenger molecule RNA. The two researchers proved that the process could also work in reverse, and identified the enzyme responsible for the reversal. Their work—and that of Dulbecco—has helped establish viruses—which contain either RNA or DNA—as a prime suspect in human cancer, and could point the way to eventual control of the disease.

PHYSICS: Aage Bohr, 53, Benjamin Mottelson, 49, and James Rainwater, 57

Bohr and his Chicago-born collaborator Mottelson (also a Danish citizen), both associated with Copenhagen's Niels

Bohr Institute,* and Rainwater, of Columbia University, were cited for their 1940s and 1950s research on the inner structure of the atom. They helped explain oddities in the nucleus' behavior by showing that its myriad components spun and vibrated so as to distort the nucleus into an unexpected ellipsoid, rather than a sphere. These new insights helped set the stage for many of the important advances in particle physics during the past two decades of experimentation.

CHEMISTRY: John Warecup Cornforth, 58, and Vladimir Prelog, 69

Cornforth, an Australian-born researcher now at the University of Sussex, and Yugoslav-born Prelog, of Zurich's Swiss Federal Institute of Technology, helped define the three-dimensional structure of organic molecules. Cornforth, who has been deaf since boyhood, concentrated on enzymes—the catalysts for chemical reactions in living things—while Prelog studied other organic molecules, including antibiotics.

ECONOMICS: Tjalling Koopmans, 65, and Leonid Kantorovich, 63

Koopmans, a Dutch-born American at Yale University, and Kantorovich, of Moscow's Institute for Management of the People's Economy, were honored for developing "linear programming" or "activity analysis," techniques that are part of the computerization of the "dismal science." They enable capitalists and commissars alike to make the most efficient use of workers, machines and raw materials, and to determine how fast production should grow.

*Founded by Bohr's father, a Nobel laureate himself and a founder of modern atomic theory.



SCIENCE

giant stars. None has been observed in the earth's Milky Way Galaxy since 1604, but the sharp-eyed Kowal has found 77 supernovas in distant galaxies. He has also participated in an international search for "lost" comets that have shifted their course. So far, Kowal has spotted three such cosmic strays.

For all his achievements, Kowal remains largely ignored by his more illustrious colleagues, who prefer to focus their attention on more exotic objects

like pulsars, quasars and black holes. Still, the obscure research associate is moving up in the organization. Two years ago, his office was in the third basement of a Caltech physics building, but he has since been elevated to the sub-basement. Kowal is not particularly impressed. "This building is like an ocean liner," he says wryly. "All the professors are up there on the promenade deck promenading. This is the engine room where all the work gets done."

join the other unions in supporting the strike, the *Post* unit of the Guild has voted 270 to 251 not to do so. A number of journalists say they will keep working even if that vote is later reversed.

One major irritation for *Post* executives is that lost advertising has been fattening the rival *Star*. The financially troubled *Star* can certainly use the extra revenue, but Graham and New York *Times* Publisher Arthur Sulzberger have made personal appeals to *Star* Publisher Joe L. Albritton to stand together against the unions. (In its own city, the *Times* announced that it would close in sympathy if its prime competitor, the *New*, is hit this week by a strike of deliverers, and the *News* said it would shut down if *Times*' deliverers struck first.)

The *Post* was publishing only 48-page editions last week, about half its prestrike size. Reporters found that they had to write their stories shorter, to fit the reduced news hole, and earlier, to meet abbreviated deadlines. "Son of a bitch, I wish this weren't going on," complained harried *Post* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee. Yet nonunion workers were using the new composition equipment to produce a fairly creditable facsimile of the prestrike *Post*, and some of Bradlee's colleagues were less troubled by the siege. Remarked Meagher as two female secretaries tended one of the paper's giant presses: "They get a hell of a bang out of making those big machines go."

Saved from Obscenity

Editing, the late Adlai Stevenson once observed, consists of separating the wheat from the chaff—and printing the chaff. Something like that, only worse, seems to have happened at *TV Guide* when it received a program listing for a now defunct local talk show on San Francisco—Oakland's KTVU. The notice said that guests for the show on Sept. 20, 1968, would include Pat Montandon, a well-known Bay Area hostess who had written a book about giving imaginative parties on lean budgets, and an unnamed masked prostitute. *TV Guide's* condensed version: "From party girl to call girl. Scheduled guest: TV personality Pat Montandon and author of *How To Be a Party Girl*." Montandon sued, alleging that she had suffered "horrendously obscene phone calls, obscene letters and obscene objects in the mail." Outright strangers, she lamented, had asked whether she really had been a prostitute, and one man even asked how much she charged. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear the case and therefore let stand a California court's award to her of \$151,000 in damages from *TV Guide* (accumulated interest brings the total to \$190,000). Said Montandon: "The money can never compensate for the pain I went through."

The Siege of Washington

Chartered helicopters still waited to carry copy to distant printing plants, but those \$108-an-hour air taxis were being kept only for emergencies. For the first time since the Washington Post's pressmen went on strike and sabotaged nine presses early this month (TIME, Oct. 13), the paper was able to turn out a full 550,000-copy edition in its own plant



PICKETS PARADING AS POST PRINTS
A Pulitzer for management?

last week. The pressmen's walkout has been joined by three other *Post* unions, and the nation's eighth largest morning paper seemed to be adjusting to the siege remarkably well.

It now is clear that the paper had long been making preparations for a confrontation. Rising labor costs have helped reduce the paper's share of profits for the Washington Post Co. from 64% in 1970 to 38% in 1974.* Publish-

er Katharine Graham last year assigned her vice president for finance, Mark Meagher, as general manager of the newspaper, instructing him to restore its sagging fortunes. Says she: "I want to win a Pulitzer Prize for management."

Meagher and Lawrence Wallace, a tough labor negotiator hired from the Knight chain, have concentrated their efforts on the *Post's* labor costs, which are scheduled to rise by \$5 million this year alone. Despite union opposition to labor-saving machinery, the paper bought new photographic composition equipment and began installing it in administrative offices two floors above the pressroom. It also started training about 125 employees to produce the paper during a walkout. Much of that instruction was received at the Newspaper Production and Research Center, an impressively equipped printing school in Oklahoma City supported by the *Post* and 200 other papers and known among union members as a "school for scabs." Indeed, the center was organized largely by a newspaper production manager who had driven printing unions from the nearby *Daily Oklahoman* and *Times* (combined circ. 272,177) in the 1950s.

Doubled Salaries. The *Post* made certain its unions were aware of these precautions, and last year a union representing 700 typographical workers softened their opposition to automation, allowed the company to begin regular use of photographic composition equipment, and agreed to end some featherbedding practices. As for the pressmen, who were not a party to the agreement, the *Post* wanted to limit the overtime system that enabled some workmen to double their \$15,000 base salaries; the pressmen resisted, their contract expired, and they walked out.

The *Post* does not seem anxious to have them back. Although the strike is costing the paper as much as \$100,000 a day in lost advertising and extra logistical expenses, Meagher has been arguing for the company's "right to publish," and he plans to file a civil suit for damages against the employees who trashed the presses. Although the American Newspaper Guild is insisting that the editorial employees should

*Earnings for the parent company, which also owns *Newsweek*, six broadcasting stations and a paper mill, dropped from \$54 million in this year's first half, from \$7 million in the same period last year, while revenues rose to \$152 million from \$134 million last year.



TRAIN DERAILLED BY MOSLEM BAND IN 1947



MOHANDAS GANDHI IN 1946
India's soul and conscience.

The Long Goodbye

FREEDOM AT MIDNIGHT

by LARRY COLLINS and DOMINIQUE LAPIERRE
572 pages. Illustrated. Simon & Schuster.
\$12.50.

At the stroke of midnight on Aug 14, 1947, an age ended. After an occupation of 347 years, the British gave India back to the Indians. Like every detail of that massive transition, the moment chosen for India's deliverance was an awkward compromise. Lord Louis Mountbatten, the English viceroy, had intended to make his country's exit on Aug. 15, the second anniversary of Japan's surrender in the Pacific. Legions of India's astrologers howled: every stellar influence on that date spelled catastrophe. The ceremony was advanced twelve hours. The stars were not fooled.

In this song of India, Authors Collins and Lapierre (*Is Paris Burning?*, *O Jerusalem!*) again display their celebratory flair for the epic. Religious confrontations, border wars, political sacrifices are illuminated like scenes in a pageant. The very sounds and odors of a vanished world are resurrected—often at the price of subtlety and perspective. For the birth of a nation is not the stuff of mere melodrama; the historical and human scale is too profound.

In 1947 India was an arena of contradictions. Three hundred million Hin-

dus and 100 million Moslems were learning that they hated the occupying British only slightly less than they hated each other. There were 3 million walking skeletons in Calcutta; simultaneously, some of the country's 565 maharajahs continued to test the aphrodisiacal powers of crushed diamonds. The viceroy's house in New Delhi employed nearly 5,000 servants and 418 gardeners. But back home, England reeled under postwar debts and shortages. Coal was scarce, and a bottle of liquor cost \$35. For reasons as much financial as idealistic, the Labor government of Clement Attlee was determined to drop the white man's burden. But there was a hitch: the bloodbath following England's exit threatened to be worse than the one that would occur if she stayed.

Half-Naked Fakir. The situation was unimaginably complex—and utterly hopeless. *Freedom at Midnight* focuses on the four men who plunge ahead anyway, haggling out the new terms under which one-fifth of the world's population will live. Perhaps because Mountbatten is one of their primary sources, Collins and Lapierre cast him in heroic mold. The great-grandson of Queen Victoria faces his task with a stiff upper lip and a trembling lower one; he relishes the pomp of the viceroy's office while struggling to give it away.

Jawaharlal Nehru, Hindu leader of India's Congress Party and the first na-

tive Prime Minister, is also warmly praised for his Brahman sensitivity. The villain of the book is Mohammed Ali Jinnah, fanatical leader of the Moslem League, who demands the separate state of Pakistan for his people. "We shall have India divided," he warns, "or we shall have India destroyed."

The book's best portrait is of the man who dwarfs the other three: Mohandas Gandhi, that tiny ascetic who for 30 years harried his British rulers with fasts and passive resistance. The mystic whom Winston Churchill once scorned as a "half-naked fakir" is a saint to his followers. "How can you say one thing last week," an associate asks him, "and something quite different this week?" Replies Gandhi: "Ah, because I have learned something since last week." The Mahatma continues to learn; he becomes at last India's soul and conscience. The most moving pages of *Freedom at Midnight* show him doing what battalions of soldiers could not prevent by his frail presence: the slaughter of Moslems and Hindus in Calcutta.

But Gandhi cannot save all lives. Even before his assassination, the hack-

BOOKS

THE MOUNTBATTENS POSE WITH SOME OF THEIR SERVANTS AT OFFICIAL RESIDENCE IN NEW DELHI



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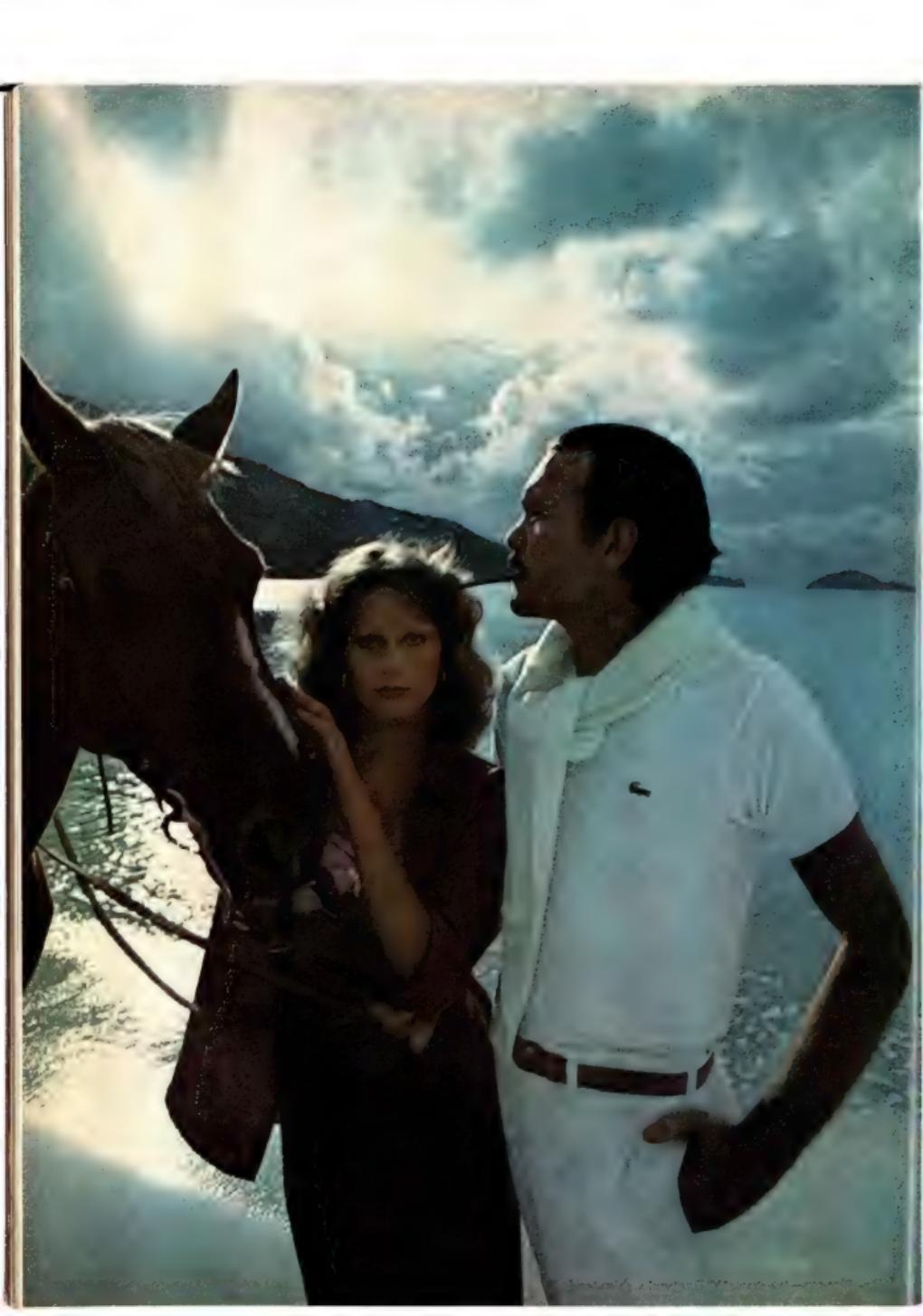
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BOOKS

blood and semen, a monster that the rising sun transformed into a beauty."

Singer's work sometimes drops precipitously from reasoned metaphysics to unexamined mysticism. In ghost stories, where everything is possible for the narrator, too little is plausible for the reader. It is in his least adorned works that the mysteries of affection and identity are hauntingly stated. *Sam Palka and David Vishkover*, for example, is not merely the richest tale in *Passions*, but one of the most provocative short fictions of the last decade. In his customary role, Sam Palka, self-made entrepreneur, swaggers through a career of indulgence. In off-hours he assumes the role of Vishkover, a modest sewing machine salesman who courts the unprepossessing Channah Basha. As the miserably married Palka, Sam owns the very building in which Channah lives; as the bachelor Vishkover, he is incapable of force or originality. But it is here that his best self survives, a peasant from the other side, unsophisticated and uncorrupted by ambition or guile. Decades later, when Palka's wife dies, he still cannot bring himself to reveal his true identity. "Who is Sam Palka?" he asks himself. "An old lecher who has made a fortune and doesn't know what to do with it." David Vishkover is a man like my father, peace be with him. Well and what would happen to Channah Basha if she should hear the truth? Instead of becoming Sam Palka's wife, she would become David Vishkover's widow.

In this study of duality, Singer recalls the psychological explorations of James Stevenson and Conrad. Yet it is none of these authors whom he most resembles. In the illumination of the ordinary, in the acuity of his observations, Singer is sounding a theme that has not been heard in a hundred years. Bending close to the page, the reader can see the characters of Anton Chekhov—and hear once again the passionate wail of Rothschild's fiddle.

Stefan Konfer

The Head Game

POWERS OF MIND

by ADAM SMITH

418 pages. Random House. \$10.

On a slow day Western history might be reduced to a tale of two apples. The first comes wrapped in art and myth: Eve took the bite and mankind got its eviction notice from Paradise. The second is baked in its own apocryphal jacket: Isaac Newton got his deep insight into gravity when struck by a falling fruit. Result: a new brand of physics that relocated us even farther from the godhead—and a reverse anthropomorphism that saw the human body as a machine. Today Adam Smith implies the West has an urge to work its way back, past technology, past sin itself.

Smith's special, almost occult power is an ability to read the marketplace. He wrote *The Money Game* at the peak

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GEORGE (ADAM SMITH) GOODMAN
Among the drunken monkeys.

of the 1960s' go-go stock market. In 1972 he successfully sold short with *Super Money*, an amusing chronicle about the fall of top-heavy conglomerates. *Powers of Mind* is further evidence that Smith's publishing instincts are like those of a surfer who knows just when to catch the curl of the wave. For the New Purity is upon us—or at least upon the affluent who enroll in TM classes, biofeedback training, Esalen body rubs and Zen tennis lessons. Adam Smith has had a crack at all of these and more.

In real life, Smith is George Jerome Waldo (Jerry) Goodman, novelist and screenwriter (*The Wheeler Dealers*), former editor of the financial monthly the *Institutional Investor*, and a man who has enjoyed most of the good things as defined by most of the human race.

But they are not enough. Now 45 and quoting the beginning of Dante's *Divine Comedy* ("Midway upon the journey of our life, / I found that I was in a dusky wood"), Goodman takes the reader on a well-packaged tour just the other side of that wall we call common sense.

The mind is a drunken monkey, says Richard Albert, a former associate of Timothy Leary and now known as Baba Ram Das. Goodman, his skepticism crumbling, subjects his mind to all sorts of sobering-up exercises: Transcendental Meditation, sensory deprivation and "rolfing," a painful massage that seems to have been developed during a subway rush hour. The purpose of these activities is to shut out the world, to listen to the wisdom of one's body. Goodman finds that such pursuits are surprisingly effective—although success can be full of paradox. "Concentration is effortless effort, is not trying," claims Tim Gallwey, a former follower of Guru Maharaj Ji and author of *The Inner*

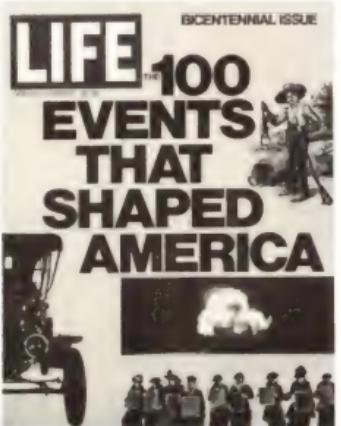
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Game of Tennis. Goodman gives it a try and improves his serve.

As in any tour, there are obligatory stops: Esalen, LSP and the elusive Carlos Castaneda, whom Goodman traps briefly in a stair well. "I'm Carlos' double," the gentleman insists before scooting off. Indeed, many people are not what they seem to be. Swami Hal, for example, is a 260-lb. mystic who runs a kind of Boys' Town ashram in the Northwest wilderness and talks like a dead-end kid.

Uncertainty Principle. When the physicists begin to talk like Zen masters, *Powers of Mind* shakes loose of the familiar. Goodman shares his genuine wonder and enthusiasm at discovering the mysteries of subatomic particles—"quarks," which seem to be more idea and process than material. In quantum mechanics and Werner Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, notions of scientific objectivity fly out the window. The observer is part of the process; he affects what is being observed by his very presence.

This key idea has been around for many years. It underlies the sort of participatory journalism that Smith-Goodman practices so well. Yet in a culture renowned for its ability to spread knowledge and information, quantum mechanics and the Uncertainty Principle are surprisingly little known. The value of *Powers of Mind* is that it amplifies such theories and finds intriguing parallels in the religion and poetry of the past. Given his subject matter, the author could have settled for far less. Instead, he provides a bestseller with a considerable educational function as well as high entertainment.

R.Z. Sheppard

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Ragtime, Doctorow (1 last week)
- 2—Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Rosner (2)
- 3—Curtain, Christie (7)
- 4—Humboldt's Gift, Bellow (4)
- 5—Shogun, Clavell (3)
- 6—The Eagle Has Landed, Higgins (5)
- 7—The Moneychangers, Hailey (6)
- 8—Circus, MacLean (9)
- 9—The Great Train Robbery, Crichton
- 10—Cockpit, Kosinski (8)

NONFICTION

- 1—Sylvia Porter's Money Book, Porter (1)
- 2—Winning Through Intimidation, Ringer (2)
- 3—TM: Discovering Inner Energy and Overcoming Stress, Bloomfield, Cain & Jaffe (4)
- 4—Total Fitness, Morehouse & Gross (6)
- 5—Power, Korda (5)
- 6—Breach of Faith, White (3)
- 7—Without Feathers, Allen (7)
- 8—Money, Galbraith (9)
- 9—The Great Railway Bazaar, Theroux
- 10—Bring on the Empty Horses, Niven

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Capsules

► Artfully arranged on a plate, *sashimi*, a Japanese raw-fish dish, is a treat to the eye as well as the palate. But this and other raw-fish dishes now becoming popular in the U.S. may also be a potential health hazard. The U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control in Atlanta warns that raw fish may contain *Anisakisidae*, marine worms that can cause fever and abdominal problems in humans. According to the CDC one California man pulled one of the worms out of his throat ten days after dining on *sashimi* prepared from raw white sea bass. A California boy coughed up one of the parasites a few days after eating homemade *ceviche*, a dish of raw red snapper marinated in lemon or lime juice. Their unnerving experience could have been avoided entirely. Both freezing and cooking kill *Anisakisidae*.

► Erythropoietic protoporphyrin (LPP) is an uncommon condition; in the entire U.S. there are no more than a thousand known victims. But those who have this metabolic abnormality must lead highly sheltered lives: sunlight causes their skin to swell or break out in blisters. Some victims develop gallstones. In the past, victims of EPP have had to avoid direct sunlight as much as possible, covering up or staying indoors entirely during the summer months. Now they have an alternative. A team of researchers headed by Dr. Michelene M. Mathews-Roth of Harvard Medical School has found that beta-carotene, a substance that occurs naturally in green and yellow vegetables (including carrots), can mitigate the symptoms of photosensitivity. Fifty-three LPP patients were treated daily with synthetic beta-carotene (now being manufactured as a prescription drug by Roche Laboratories of Nutley, N.J., under the name Solatene). Of the group, 46 were sufficiently improved to triple the amount of time they were able to spend in the sun.

► Opponents of greater Government involvement in medical care often argue that legislation to cover the cost of catastrophic illness would add enormously to the amount the nation spends on hospital, doctor and other health bills. A new study by the Cambridge, Mass., consulting firm of Arthur D. Little, Inc., suggests that they are wrong. Working under a contract from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's Health Resources Administration, the think-tank researchers reviewed the records of the 1.3 million Americans now covered for catastrophic illness under the Federal Employees Health Benefit Act. They then projected their findings onto the 184 million Americans below the age of 65 who would be covered un-

der a bill introduced by Louisiana's Senator Russell Long. Their conclusion: the costs in 1975 would come to \$1.94 billion. That would add only 2% to the \$90 billion Americans and their Government spend on health.

The Doctors' Union

As recently as a decade ago, the idea of unionizing was repugnant to most U.S. physicians. Now the notion appears to be more attractive. In the past several years, local physicians' unions have sprung up in San Francisco, Chicago, Ann Arbor, Mich., and in New York City, where members successfully struck for shorter hours last spring (TIME, March 31). Last week American medicine took another significant step toward unionization. Meeting in Washington, D.C., the Physicians' National Housestaff Association, which claims to represent some 18,000 interns, residents and postgraduate fellows in teaching hospitals round the country, decided overwhelmingly to become a national labor union.

House officers, as P.N.H.A. members are called, have been growing increasingly impatient with what they see as the slow pace of reform in U.S. medicine, and increasingly militant about what they consider their own exploitation. They have also become extremely skeptical of organized medicine's promises, usually extracted under the threat of a strike or job action, to improve patient care or shorten the 100-hour weeks that house physicians sometimes work. "Good-will arrangements and personal promises are swell," says P.N.H.A. Executive Director Steve Diamond, "but they have about the same value as a no-return beer bottle. Written contracts have proved to be the only way we can guarantee compliance by all those nice deans and administrators out there."

The P.N.H.A. has petitioned the National Labor Relations Board to include house staff under the National Labor Relations Act, thus giving them the right to form into bargaining units and seek representation by a labor union. The P.N.H.A. petition has the strong support of Senator Edward Kennedy, who agrees with the organization's criticism of American medicine and its announced intention of improving patient care. It is not expected to draw active opposition from the American Med-

ical Association, which disapproves of unionization but approved the New York strikers' demand for shorter shifts to improve patient care. The A.M.A. says a spokesman, "believes that physicians are better represented by a professional association with broad purposes than by a union with a frequent focus on narrow, economic issues."

But the P.N.H.A.'s request for recognition has been categorically condemned by the Association of American Medical Colleges, a national organization that provides most of the internship, residency and postgraduate programs in the U.S. The A.A.M.C. maintains that interns and residents are students, not employees, and should thus be denied the right to bargain collectively. Says A.A.M.C. President John A. D. Cooper: "Equality of bargaining power in the adversary environment is incompatible with the nature of the student-teacher relationship."

The A.A.M.C. is at least partially correct, but it fails to recognize another reality: that interns and residents are in fact, if not in name, employees of the hospitals in which they train, and they provide a substantial proportion of the care offered by these institutions.



DOCTORS PICKETING DURING NEW YORK STRIKE.
Increasingly militant and extremely skeptical.

BICENTENNIAL ESSAY

Vice and Virtue: Our Moral Condition

MARTIN E. MARTY

The following Bicentennial Essay is the fourth in a series that will appear periodically into 1976 and will discuss how we have changed in our 200 years.

To be an American is of itself almost a moral condition, an education, and a career.
—George Santayana

In the midst of the War for Independence, the Continental Congress interrupted its routine to deliver an important message to the public. The American people, Congress implored, should beseech God that "vice, prophaneness, extortion, and every evil may be done away ... that we may be a reformed and happy people."

Vice? Extortion? Modern Americans are bound to be startled by such references. We are trained to think of our ancestors as good and godly because they achieved so much. By comparison with the founders, we see ourselves as a sorry lot. In corner taverns and corners of universities, at church or at cocktails, only the economy itself inspires more heated debate and obsessive worry than does the American moral condition.

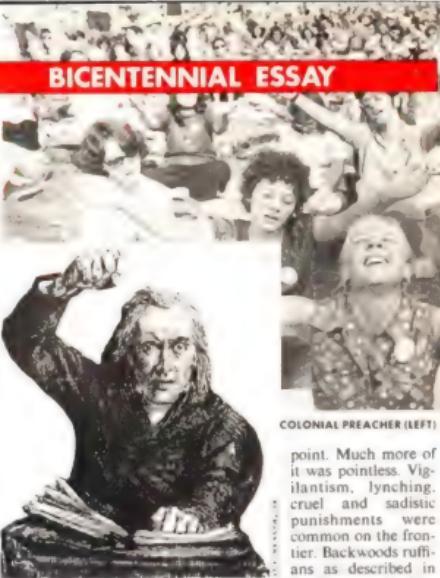
It is true that from the beginning colonial leaders had hoped that settlers would be both virtuous and religious. Earliest migrants to Virginia may have had commerce chiefly in mind—one cleric called them "miserable covetous men"—but they also tried to "serve and fear God, the Giver of all goodness." New England's mentors wanted to fill the northern colonies with "visible saints." In the middle colonies the founders of Pennsylvania called theirs a "holy experiment."

In fact, during the 1770s saints were scarcely visible and holiness was rare. Some good and heroic activities were performed by frail, errant and often irreligious people. Certainly, multitudes of decent folk led conventionally moral lives. But a second look at the past will be jolting to those who think that sexual waywardness and permissiveness are recent inventions. Public figures could keep mistresses and acknowledge their illegitimate children—as Benjamin Franklin did—without losing their good names or even their reputations as moralists. George Washington had to chase Philadelphia prostitutes from Valley Forge. In New York 500 "ladies of pleasure" kept lodgings in an area called Holy Ground because it was owned by Trinity Church.

Countless glimpses of common people's intimate life have been preserved, the kind that might set tongues to clucking today even in a swinging suburb. In Groton, Mass., one-third of the 200 people who joined the church between 1761 and 1775 confessed to fornication. A small Maryland Episcopal church chasised 13 fornicators or adulterers in single month. The fact that there were confessions and corrections shows that simple permissiveness did not prevail, but neither did simple virtue.

Gambling was universal, and fighting was taken in stride. Preachers fretted about English-inspired "Foppery, Luxury and Recreation." Gerald Carson, a student of American manners, rightly notes that "a prohibitionist in colonial America would have been considered a lunatic." The alcoholic eye-opener was a morning ritual for some upper-class women. In the presence of the bottle, church people overcame sectarian differences. On the Carolina frontier, Episcopalian Charles Woodmason grumbled that "In this Article both Presbyterians and Episcopalian very charitably agree [viz.] That of Getting Drunk."

Neither the social nor the personal violence of the 1960s was a new feature of American life. Many historians consider the pre-Revolutionary period one of the most violent these shores have seen. Some of the turmoil, necessary for protest, had a



COLONIAL PREACHER (LEFT)

point. Much more of it was pointless. Vigilantism, lynching, cruel and sadistic punishments were common on the frontier. Backwoods ruffians as described in the journal of a Virginia tutor commonly engaged in "Kicking, Scratching, Pinching, Biting, Butting, Tripping, Throttling, Gouging, Cursing, Dismembering," Rattling and cockfighting were common diversions. White Americans' treatment of nonwhite minorities is often seen as a prime test of morality. Late colonial records show that few whites were ready to apply their new language about equality and rights to American Indians or blacks. In his Massachusetts Election Sermon in 1770, Samuel Cooke therefore complained that "we, the patrons of liberty, have dishonored the Christian name, and degraded human nature nearly to a level with the beasts that perish."

Not all moral people are explicitly religious nor are all religious people moral. But the founding leaders no less than the Puritans, connected vice with sin, virtue with godliness. In his Farewell Address, George Washington said of the tie: "Religion and morality are indispensable supports ... great Pillars of human happiness ... [the] firmest props of the duties of Men & citizens."

And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion."

Surely, then, we would argue, if the behavior of our forefathers was not impeccable, at least they were more religious than we. Not necessarily. For whatever that means, church membership in the 1770s was actually much lower than it is today—only 6% or 8% of the population by most estimates. The religious Great Awakening of the middle third of the century had given way to a big sleep, and pastors looking for Congregationalists or Presbyterians complained that they found only "nothingarians" or "anythingarians." "The Revolutionary era was a period of decline for American Christianity as a whole," writes Yale's religious historian Sydney Ahlstrom. "The churches reached a lower ebb of vitality during the two decades after the end of hostilities than at any other time in the country's religious history." True, some of the old churchly teaching had spilled over into the culture itself: colonial children, for example, received a strongly religious education both in schools and at home. But the old moral codes, grounded in piety, had largely degenerated into routine moralism, and inspired few.

If, then, both behavior and faithfulness left much to be desired, surely the founders' generation had moral absolutes by which to judge themselves and their fellow men? True, to some extent. The nation's shapers possessed as a gift from their own ancestors a sense of a divine moral covenant. Massachusetts Bay Governor John Winthrop called it "a mutual consent through a



AND CONTEMPORARY JESUS FESTIVAL

specially overruling providence." Virginia's John Rolfe saw the colonists as "a peculiar people, marked and chosen by the finger of God . . ." for their "errand into the wilderness." The covenant helped them measure vice and virtue.

But in Revolutionary times, the moral absolutes had become a lot less absolute. To the original but fading charter between God and man was added a second covenant, one between man and man: "We, the people . . ." This second covenant was drafted by a second, extraordinarily articulate set of "founding fathers." These were men who were influenced by the European Enlightenment and who embraced a kind of post-Christian system that still sometimes did acknowledge the Christian God and respected the man Jesus. Thomas Jefferson found various religions "all good enough" because they helped preserve peace and order, but he could also be critical. Benjamin Franklin "respected them all," but he took sides against the more dogmatic and sectarian churches, those that "serv'd principally to divide us, and make us unfriendly to one another."

Gone was the old language of sin among these later founders. Franklin spoke not of sins but, as a publisher would, of "Errata." He grounded virtue in "the Laws of our Nature" and in man's character as "a sociable being." Jefferson believed that "morality, compassion, generosity are innate elements of the human constitution." He and his physician friend Benjamin Rush spoke for those who thought of man as having a moral faculty and of vice as a kind of curable disease. In his view, good habits and moral practice reproduced health and virtue.

Thus it is not possible to say that in practice the people of the 1770s were more virtuous than we. No one knows how to measure morality with precision; historians have no evidence that the human raw material has changed since, say, the Stone Age. It is none the less true that the founding generation had certain values and advantages we lack today.

The enlightened founding fathers were still united in their belief that human beings were accountable in this life or in one to come. The decline of the popular belief in hell, among other things, has done much to weaken this belief today. The founders and shapers developed a process for nurturing moral concern. Perhaps because they had to, they listened to each other. They reasoned and debated. Today banners, bumper stickers and megaphones often supplant argument. "Abortion is murder." "A woman's body is here to do with what she wants." These are slogans and conclusions, not hypotheses, shouted by sometimes sincere people who live by their own sets of absolutes but who cannot listen to others.

The founders foresaw and feared—but did not have to cope with—metropolis, the breeder of anonymity and anomie (the lack of purpose and values). They had the urgency that comes with vivid and widely shared causes. Military enemies first pushed them together and then, in order to "form a more per-



EARLY PUNISHMENT; MODERN PORN

fect Union," they had to summon moral energies for even more demanding tasks. Many decades later, slavery at home and then Nazism abroad occasioned similar summonings. Today, in contrast, frustrations arising from various foreign and domestic setbacks, the failure of some good intentions on New Frontiers and in Great Societies, contribute to skepticism about causes.

Along with their inherited covenant and consensus, the founding fathers also still had access to a more intact sense of tradition and tribe. Through these, moral values and norms are transmitted. Tradition and tribe can burden people, but they can also produce an identity and point of reference. Today mass mobility and mass higher education, the intrusion of public communications, failure of nerve—all conspire against parents who would embody and transmit continuity of values.

Communication breaks down. Recently a kind of group solipsism has emerged, a sense that "our" insights can only be shared and understood by our members, our kind. Unless one is a Pentecostalist, an Orthodox Jew, a woman, an Anglo-Saxon, a black, a yogi, a youth, an "ethnic," one whose consciousness has been shaped in a particular way, he or she remains an idiot, in the original meaning of the word, an ignorant outsider.

In contrast, fusing the first covenant (the biblical) and the second (of the enlightened), early American generations formed a *communitas communiatum*, a community made up of subcommunities. Within this community they could say, for example, "We hold these truths to be self-evident . . ." and thus project some working hypotheses for the good society. Such hypotheses are often overlooked and understressed or do not even seem to be available to many after 200 years.

Citizens today can rattle off long lists of immoralities and immoralists. A committee sponsored by Catholic bishops in 1974 printed a typical roll call of contemporary villains: shoplifters, trashers, blue-collar time-clock cheaters, white-collar expense-account padgers, tax evaders, political bribe takers, perjurers, economic exploiters, sexual revolutionists, the maritally unfaithful, pornographers, irresponsible mass communicators and those responsible for violent crime. But a mere listing does not do justice to the sense of disease and malaise that in our hearts, the disappointment and disgust often felt between generations as moral standards are challenged or forgotten, the bewilderment and despair many feel over their loss.

Scapegoat hunters do not lack prey. They blame clerical advocates of the "new morality" and churches that have lost moral purpose; advocates of relativist philosophies; "anything goes" parents and children on drugs; the Supreme Court for having taken God and prayer out of the schools; the media for portraying and even touting vice and violence; Watergaters for shattering youth's



PILGRIMS WALK TO CHURCH IN 17TH CENTURY AMERICA; ABORTION DEFENDERS MARCH IN BOSTON, 1974

idealism; those responsible for slums, where evil is bred. Fewer prepare themselves for personal ethical rebirth.

The landscape is bleak. But the Bicentennial finds some thoughtful Americans seeking a renewed sense of covenant and virtue, even though the concept embarrasses many. Few speak of moral progress or utopian hopes in a moment like ours. Yet it is possible that today too little is made of those rare virtues that we do possess. The Catholic bishops' committee that came to scold stayed also to praise. "Many of the new emphases are positive and praiseworthy: sensitivity to the dignity and fundamental equality of all men and women; increased concern for individual self-realization; broadened perception of the moral decisions which must be made concerning participation in warfare; new appreciation of the imperatives of social justice."

Vivid if not yet widely shared causes go neglected but beckon urgently again: hunger, political reform, environmental issues, inequalities and injustices, economic traumas. The "decline of absolutes" itself is often merely the result of pluralism. "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a pluralistic land?" asked Ethicist Paul Ramsey. Pluralism, the sense that "any number can play," whether in religion or ways of life, will not go away. Father John Courtney Murray called it "the human condition." Every day in every way we are aware that "your" and "my" absolutes sometimes clash. Anti-abortionists and pro-abortionists are both sincerely set on "their" absolutes. The resultant moral diversity often does but need not lead only to anarchy.

Citizens are facing the moral crisis through many means. These range from attempts to face the drug problem to rehabilitating criminals; from worrying about the family to reforming laws; from devising new ethical systems to listening to the law of God. Many voices are calling for people to stop exaggerating their pluralism. Everyone belongs to overlapping subcommunities, and these share many common concerns for the good. What might be called "conditional absolutes" often appear as bases for deep agreements in the midst of pluralism. They serve as working hypotheses for the common moral life, assumptions that intersect our tribes, churches and individual lives.

As for the churches, the situation on the surface appears to be better than it was two centuries ago or than it is elsewhere now. Measured by Western European standards or by those of almost any moment in the American past except for the 1950s—when a somewhat superficial resurgence occurred—religious organizations are surviving and achieving much. If the mainline Catholic and Protestant churches are in holding patterns or even declining slightly, the more fervent and rigid churches have found fresh followers. New groups that derive from nonbiblical traditions are prospering.

Today's religious renewals often do little more than provide selfish personal kicks and highs. The humbler churches agree with Walt Kelly's Pogo, who sounded like a biblical theologian when he said, "We have faults which we have hardly used yet." Nevertheless, Jews and Christians still see the height of prophetic faith in Micah's command to "do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." A hundred million American Christians still see God as "the Giver of all goodness," through his gift of grace in Jesus Christ. But Jesus also made an example of the Good Samaritan because of his loving moral conduct. And in a parable, Jesus told followers to find him in the hungry, the stranger, the naked, the sick, the imprisoned—in situations where moral response is called for.

In that spirit, works of love and efforts at virtue still come from church and synagogue. If today there is some backlash

against grand-scale attempts by religious leaders to tie sacred texts to particular social policies—as often occurred during the demonstrations and churchly pronouncements in the battle for civil rights and during Viet Nam War dissent—in thousands of local situations religious people are putting their faith to work. In this way, they and their nonreligious allies may be regaining confidence for larger moral ventures by starting close to home, serving the aged, the hooked, the alienated, the lonely. While they might not be satisfied or happy with their overall contributions, I am tempted to turn Pogo around and say of the churches: "They have virtues they haven't even used yet."

Good people, families, humanists, schools, civic institutions, voluntary societies that are untouched by religion are as involved in the search as are those who identify with particular faiths. Many of them have found terms for moral action in their own "colonies" or "tribes," whether these be philosophical and family traditions, racial and ethnic clusters, age and sex groupings, or movements and causes. In recent years moral renewal has occurred more frequently within these colonies and tribes than in their federation, the national community. Voluntary associations, some derived from the churches' "errand of mercy," and some growing out of other roots, have resources. For some, what Robert N. Bellah calls "civil religion," wherein national life is a kind of matrix and repository of values, offers a promise that surpasses its dangers of self-idolization by bringing citizens into a zone of common concern for transcendent justice. How do we improve ourselves? To what do we belong? For what do we hope? How should we behave? How do we bring up children in a permissive age? How could Viet Nam and Watergate have occurred?

In *Between Past and Future* Hannah Arendt described how the old authority was lost in the modern world; this loss is "tantamount to the loss of the groundwork of the world." Ever since, the world "has begun to shift, to change and transform itself with ever increasing rapidity from one shape into another . . . Everything at any moment can become almost anything else." But, while hardly an optimist, she agreed that the loss "does not entail, at least not necessarily, the loss of the human capacity for building, preserving and caring for a world that can survive us and remain a place fit to live in for those who come after us."

To find a new program, to build national community, and to develop some common moral language is not guaranteed to produce good people. Such activities will not eliminate evil, bring about personal moral regeneration, save souls, gladden all sad hearts or bring in the kingdom of God, utopia or even certainty. They will not remove all citizens' nostalgia for the simpler life, for the less visible and less jarring pluralism of colonial times. But they could contribute to the process by which, after two centuries, Americans could again seek to be "a reformed and happy people." For the moment, though modern Americans may use less quaint terms, they are so keenly aware of their "vice, prophaneness, extortion" that they tend to defer their dreams and deny their promise.



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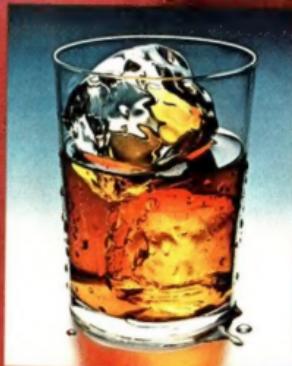
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